North Avenue Review

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GOOD

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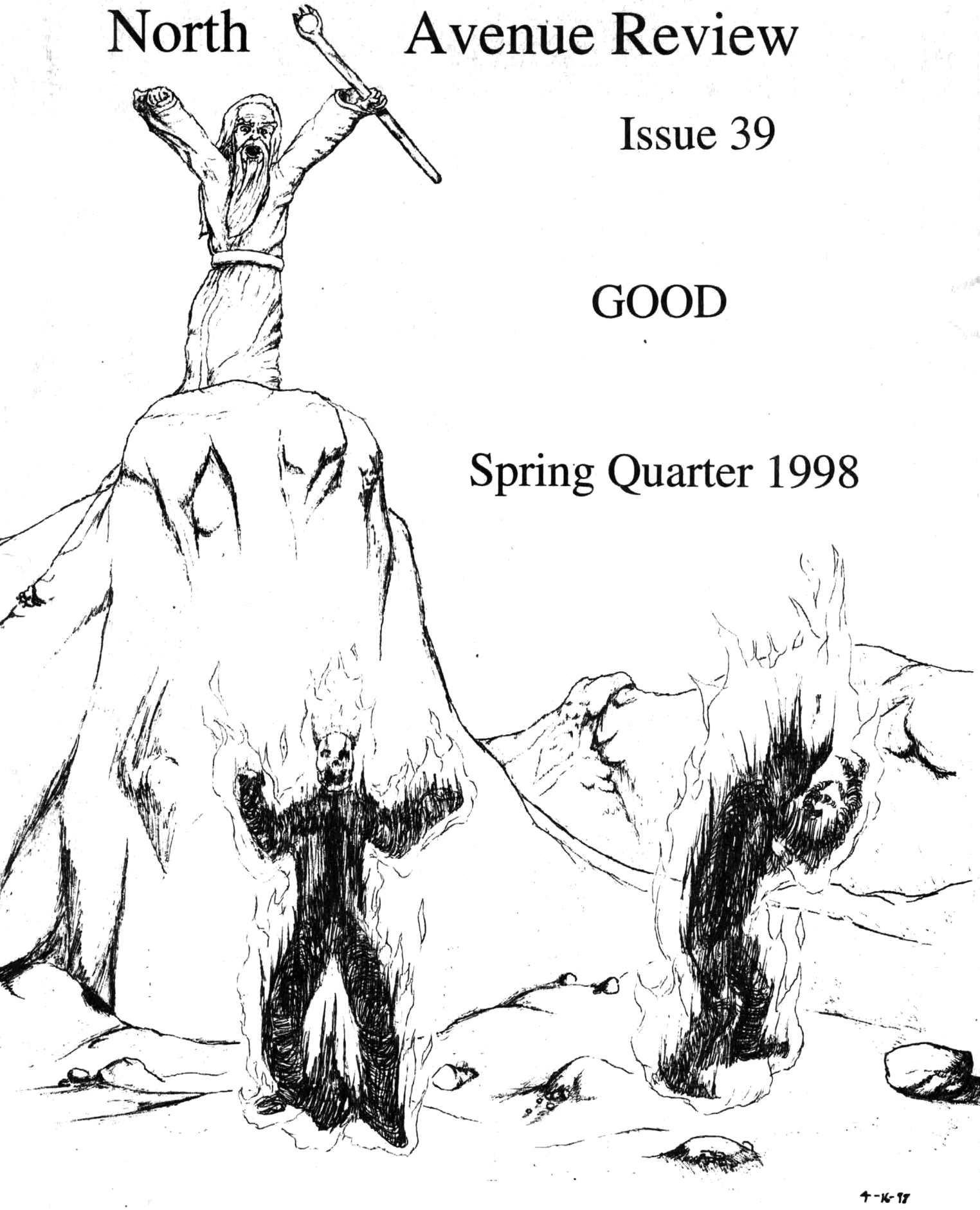

North Avenue Review

NORTH AVENUE REVIEW
"...To provide an open forum for a genuine exchange of ideas from every intellectual field."

STRUCTURE
The North Avenue Review is produced from a collection of ideas, stories, essays, and art by Georgia Tech students, faculty, staff, and friends who have given freely of their time and creativity for this publication.

The views expressed herein are solely those of the individual contributors and are not necessarily intended to express the sentiments of the entire Georgia Tech community or any part therein.

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All letters are welcome. Your letter will not be edited, so submit as you wish it to be printed. You may request that your name be withheld, but the NAR must know who you are.

CONTRIBUTIONS
We welcome all original contributions from the Georgia Tech community, including articles, essays, poetry, clip-art, graphic materials, fiction, photographs, sheet music, recipes, death threats, Tickle-Me-Elmo dolls, prognostications (both psychic and earthly), reviews, dramas, dissertations, medical journals, and anything else adaptable to the printed page. Students, faculty, staff, alumni, and friends are invited to share opinions, expressions and illusions.

PROCEDURE
At NAR meetings throughout the quarter, all works are presented to the group for peer review. The editors read all submissions, and offer constructive criticism and advice. If an editor feels a piece to be unnecessarily inflammatory, he or she or it may bring this to the attention of the group for discussion. A 3/4 vote is needed to exclude a piece from publication. This provision is to prevent publishing items that may jeopardize NAR's existence, but the NAR has never censored a final submission to date. Attendance and participation by contributors is extremely important to allow feedback and comments - hopefully improving everyone's work.

Please submit texts in ASCII format either by email or on 3.5" disk. We cannot type your piece for you. Quote sources accurately. The spell checker is your friend. We will not accept responsibility for any gramatical or spelling errors; instead, we will blame you (the ever intrepid authors).

GETTING INVOLVED
The NAR needs your help! Everyone is welcome, regardless of literary or ideological persuasion. Meetings are Thursdays at 7:00 PM in the Student Services building.

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dsadmnp@prism.gatech.edu

newsgroup:
git.club.nar

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The few, the proud, the staff...

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A Short Definition of Good(and Evil)

Robert L. Jackson III

In a world that can be described by human language and beliefs, but in reality is unknown as to its truths and inner workings(if any), good and evil seems to be a conjured idea of human kind. I have found that in reality there is no absolute good or absolute evil, but actions and occurrences which either coincide with the natural flow of the universe and those that contradict it. This natural flow does have to be any organized system, for it could be pure chaos and we are simply the result of random occurrences. Even creation and destruction cannot be classified as good or evil because there is destruction which replenishes or brings new possibilities and there is creation which absorbs obstacles in the way. Creation often causes the loss of many beautiful and natural things; For instance, the creation of our modern society has caused the loss of many animal species. Perhaps modern society did not cause the extinction directly, but nevertheless the natural world was certainly affected by or catalyzed by mankindís construction and machining of the world. But this also cannot be categorized as being good or evil since perhaps it was natural order that these creatures left the Earth simply because they were no longer meant for it, as perhaps the dinosaurs were. Many aspects and actions of the world have been categorized in an almost stereotypical fashion. For example, creation has always been seen as a pure action which can only result in good.

The perspective from which these rights and wrongs are viewed can also change their classification dramatically. As the old saying goes, there are two sides to every story, and thus two goods and two evils according to each side. But in the intricate workings of human relations internal and external of the human race there are often many sides and thus many ideals. Since the complexity of any situation is large, the possible perspectives are endless.

If I were to define the classification of 'good' I would say that it is anything that helps humankind become more realized in a position that is natural or coincides with the forces of the universe. But who is able to truly understand the complex system that is existence? Our laws and accepted ideals are just descriptions which allow us to predict and have a rational position in the world. That description of the behavior of the world, of the interaction between humans and nature, and also between human and human, whether it be love, hate, acceptance, engineering or philosophy, is what makes up society. It is what society seems to either have crafted or has been built upon.

There are many sides to the relation humans have with the rest of the universe, and the more extensive these relationships are, the more distant we are from natural existence. But since we are part of nature as well, perhaps we are not distancing ourselves from it, but rather following it as humankind should. It could be that everything that occurs due to man or anything else is a form of natural existence. If so, no matter what we do can be classified as being good, or in having some sort of positive effect on society, and then the rest of existence.

If everything happens in concurrence with and as part of the natural world, then how are we to decide how to govern ourselves? Even though everything which occurs will have some meaning, for us as human beings, some actions may be more pleasant than others. These actions may just be more directly parallel with whatever direction humankind or the universe is taking. It is important then that we be in touch with our own existence and natural direction since it may reveal the direction of the system we are a part of. If we thus follow our spirit than we shall have productive lives. The mystery is now whether or not this spirit is innate, learned or both. That is a whole other discussion in itself.

So if this parallel relationship we have with our contemporary world is what defines a 'good' relationship, does that mean ways which are opposite or perpendicular are 'evil'? But how can anything be opposite, because it all occurs as part of the larger universe. So if anything is classified as evil, then everything is evil, and the universe is as well. This is how it seems there can be no good or evil, or everything would be both. Maybe existence is some twisted combination of the two, or as said before, maybe there is no organization(chaos)..

In reality though, our societies use of Good and Evil may allow for a society which is close as it can be to natural order without total regression. Many of our values support individual freedom and free thought. Of course, everyone has their own idea of freedom. We also condone actions of people which may limit someone else's given right to live. There are many faults in the structure though, and I do feel that maybe sometimes we should attempt to focus on what may result from the way we live our lives and also on the way we live everyday. I think we should be listening more to one's gut feelings and whatever, if any, innate human guidance that exist rather than always following without question the accepted reasoning of society. In other words, we all should try actually thinking about something rather than blindly accepting it.

Reply to Manofsky Essay

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I agree you have performed a valuable service publishing Manofsky's essay. Hopefully, it will make some engineering majors question their assumptions about life in "the real world." Perhaps too many believe that just because they bust their butt for four or five years in school that somehow that entitles them to being rewarded with a corporate vice presidency before the age of 30 at a giant manufacturing firm.

An engineering degree from Tech is certainly no automatic ticket to affluence and I don't know any of my fellow alums who pretend otherwise. What I got most from my education was a solid foundation in engineering fundamentals, and the ability to think analytically and solve tough problems. The real education began after graduation and I thank Ma Tech for giving me the tools to make the most of it.

I guess its what they call "tough love." Sort of like what our fathers hopefully did with us when we were growing up. We didn't like it too much at the time, but now that the soreness has worn off our britches we are thankful for the lessons we were taught.

I recommend all students should either co-op or through some other venue seek out established professionals in their chosen career. Take them out to lunch and pick their brains about what they like and don't like about their careers.

All the alumni I know would be flattered to be asked. Most of us have children of our own and would love to help. As you say, too many are making decisions with insufficient information.

You have my permission to print my letters. I will ask George if I can forward some of his replies along with my further responses.

Your publication has certainly helped to spark a worthwhile dialog between father and son. I hope it may do likewise for others.

Andy Zimmerman

Below is a copy of a letter I wrote to my stepson, a junior mechanical engineering major at Tech, in response to an article he gave me from your publication. I am a 1980 aerospace engineering graduate.

*****

George:

I went ahead and read that article in the recent edition of the NAR, written by the Tech ME alumnus (Bill Manofsky), right after you left the house. I thought I would comment on it while still fresh in my head.

As I have said before, we live in a highly complex technological society. The technically-trained professional will be light years ahead of those lacking that training.

The MBA graduate with an engineering degree will be far ahead of those with a non-technical background. Manofsky made the same point while failing to recognize its truth. He suggested if he'd known the "truth" he would have switched his major to IM, while at the same time illustrating his article with examples of major industrial corporations headed by men with engineering undergraduate degrees and advanced management academic training.

Manofsky says that "An engineer who is an employee of a corporation should never be considered a professional along the same lines as a lawyer or a doctor." It didn't take me 10 years in industry and government to figure that one out. In California engineers at large aerospace corporations already belonged to a "professional" union, in much the same way as do public school teachers, by the time I left the industry and got into consulting in 1989.

Manofsky recognized that, until recently, doctors and lawyers have not generally worked for large corporations with their pay and position set by others outside their profession. As he points out, that is a typical situation for the engineer in industry. These other professions have generally worked in professional consulting firms with pay and position set by the partners or owners who are senior practitioners inside the same profession.

I recognized quickly that the solution was not to abandon engineering, an ancient and honorable profession, but to leave the large, bureaucratic industrial corporation and get into something more entrepreneurial. Manofsky hinted at this truth when he talked about Kelly Johnson, the founder of the Lockheed Skunk Works.

Men like Johnson and Howard Hughes made their mark when aerospace was a booming infant industry from the 1930s through the 1960s. He talked about the SR-71 going from concept to first flight in eleven months. By the 1970s, the industry had matured and also become hidebound due to its close association with the government as part of the "military-industrial complex."

I fell in love with the industry during the glamour days of the 1960s with Project Apollo, the X-15 flight test program, etc. However, I failed to recognize the fundamental changes that had occurred by the time I graduated high school in 1975. It wasn't until I graduated Tech and got to USAF flight training that I recognized I was chasing a dream that no longer existed.

However, I was already locked into a military service contract and it took me the next six years to figure a way out, followed by two years of retraining before making the jump. Apparently it took Manofsky a little longer in the system to catch on to these truths. Unfortunately, his experience has led him to the wrong conclusion.

Instead of thinking outside the box, he has simply jumped out of the frying pan and into the fire. He is still part of "the system," he just figures he has gotten smart by changing his track. He is basing his career decisions on what he is being told by headhunters and personnel/human resources flunkies who are cogs in that same "system."

I know a lot of burned-out, bitter and disillusioned marketers and sales executives. Manofsky will never improve his situation until he gets over his self-centered perspective. Like many technical types, he fails to realize that technology does not exist in a vacuum; it exists to serve the needs of society, not the engineers who create it or the sales weasels who push it.

Manofsky disparages the current P.E. license, then advocates a tougher licensing board and further unionization of the engineering field with the

"political and organizational clout of the Teamsters Union." That will not make us professionals but will only serve to lower our stature in the eyes of the public as has happened with the public school teacher unions. This proposed "solution" is just evidence of an inability to break out of an intellectual prison.

The key to success and happiness is to recognize the truth as taught by the Master, "he who is last will be first; to become master we must first be a servant." To achieve success, we must first see ourselves as servants of the public health and welfare. We must make that our first priority.

Bill Gates did not set out to be a multi-billionaire. He got where he is by seeing a need to make a new technology affordable for the average Joe in the same great American tradition as Henry Ford.

Ford saw potential for the automobile to revolutionize transportation and improve the life of the common man by providing for affordable personal transport. Gates saw how the personal computer would revolutionize the way we lived and worked. Both men were inspired by the desire to serve the needs of their fellows (and not coincidentally make a profit for themselves) and helped to create whole new industries in the process.

They started companies from scratch in the great American tradition of free enterprise. That is the beauty of a market economy; everybody wins when individuals are free to pursue their dreams. And by the way, both Gates and Ford were trained as engineers (although Gates never finished his degree).

In a free society, the greatest rewards go to the man who does the best job of bringing cost-effective, reliable products and services to satisfy the needs of his neighbors. The trick is to get out of our introverted ruts and think more of the big picture: what new products and services could be brought to the market in an effort to serve the needs of our customers and clients?

That can be a tough questions when our customers and clients may have only a vague idea of what their "needs" are. The day to day details of life can distract us easily from the bigger picture. It takes imagination and creativity to see a better way of managing wetlands when we are up to our necks in aggressive reptiles.

Gates, Jobs, Ford, Westinghouse, Curtis, Armstrong, Edison, Bell, et al had that kind of vision and prospered from it. How many besides them at the time realized the potential of the personal computer, automobile, air brakes, airplanes, radio, television, electric lights, phonographs, movies, telephones, etc.? Or, how about new services like overnight package delivery which rely on many of these technologies?

Engineers will never be professionals as long as they make their careers as simple cogs in a big machine, never questioning the value or purpose of the systems they are asked to design. That is the role of the technologist. We will only maintain professional status when we are intimately connected with satisfying the larger needs of the society in which we live.

Those needs can include things like clean water to drink; convenient, reliable and safe transportation; comfortable homes and offices in which to live and work; safe, clean sources of energy; national borders secure from foreign invasion, affordable clothing in a variety of styles and fabrics, wholesome and nutritious food, new forms of artistic media to enrich and inform our lives, improved commutation and data management systems to run factories and businesses, etc. and etc. Achieving these goals involves professional engineers in both design and marketing.

Neither is sufficient by itself to successfully improve our lives. Like the giants mentioned above, we must be able to both envision new products and services and be able to successfully show others why they will work as intended.

My advice to you, George, is to stay in engineering school. Acquire the mental discipline and analytical skills required to graduate. Take challenging classes in history, political science and the humanities. Then see how your skills can be put to use serving the needs of your community in a way that makes the best use of your God-given talents.

In that manner you can achieve both financial success and a sense of personal satisfaction. Don't let yourself become distracted by chasing the almighty dollar or personal ambition to the exclusion of all else. Serve God first, then your fellow man and you will be handsomely rewarded.

Love,

Andy

North Avenue Review

X **GOOD**

Andy

*****

George:

I have been somewhat disturbed by the Manofsky essay published in the Winter '98 North Avenue Review and given to me by you. I have re-read it several times to try to discern what really bothers me the most.

I believe the first mistake of any student is to choose his profession because he thinks it will help him to "get rich." This is an unrealistic expectation. There are no guarantees in life.

Manofsky showed his unrealistic expectations when he declared that his childhood family was "in no way affluent." Yet his father did well enough to send him to private college prep school in Tennessee. Tuition at those schools ain't cheap.

The definition of a "professional" is one who has a "higher calling" than mere pecuniary gain or "square-filling" a bureaucratic promotion folder. In engineering, our first loyalty is to the public health and welfare, second to our client or employer, and only last to our own financial advancement, social status and prestige.

Now I'm not saying we should go into engineering as a charitable, non-profit pursuit. Money is important to feed our families, but it cannot be its own reward. Anyone who pursues a "profession" with the idea of "getting rich" as his primary motivation, be it either engineering or finance, is bound to be disappointed.

However, if a particular industrial company is too hidebound to reward its top engineering talent appropriately, then it makes sense for that talent to find a more appreciative client. The successful engineers I knew in the aerospace industry changed employers every three to five years. But, that kind of move requires sensitivity to the needs of the alternative employer and the ability to convince them that you are the solution to fulfilling those needs.

Perhaps Manofsky's disillusionment is also partly a result of the industry he chose out of college rather than any inherent problem with the engi-

neering profession. I suspect he went into aerospace, like many others, because it was a "glamour" field. Again, this is not the best reason for choosing a profession.

Of course, I'll admit I made the same mistake. That mistake cost me several years of anxious soul searching and career failures until I learned to get my priorities in order. The peculiar problems of the aerospace-defense industry in the post-Viet Nam/post-Apollo/post-Cold War era only worked to make the disillusionment more acute.

By the 1970's, the industry had become a government-subsidized entrenched bureaucracy more concerned with perpetuating itself than serving the needs of the free market. That is the danger of any institution financed primarily with tax money extorted from the people rather than voluntary exchanges in the marketplace.

In this new era of the global marketplace, deregulation and privatization, the winners will be those technically-trained people and their institutions who are most adept at change, re-orientation and continual learning. They must be sensitive to the needs of that global market and good at communicating their unique talents as the means of achieving elegant and cost-effective solutions. Those who are able to master these skills will enjoy the rewards of a market-based economy.

I am sure with your talents in both sales and the engineering arts and sciences you will be well positioned to be one of those winners. Just don't let yourself get sidetracked by negativism and the cynicism of middle-aged men who have yet to straighten out their priorities.

Love,

Andy

Andy Zimmerman

"THINGS THAT IRRITATE ME ABOUT SCOOBY-DOO"

William R. McDaniel III

All of us who are "Children of the 80s" must surely remember "Scooby-Doo", the Hanna-Barbera cartoon about four kids and a great dane who drive around in a van exposing fake ghosts. Now that I look back on it, there are just a whole lot of things about that cartoon that just weren't quite right.

For starters, you can always figure out who the ghost is. Heck, there are only two characters in each episode besides the recurring characters and the "Sheriff", makes his token appearance at the end. I recall one episode that I watched within the last year where I was thinking that they hadn't met anyone who could qualify as the "ghost". So, 15 minutes into the show, for no apparent reason, Shaggy and Scooby go into "town" and meet some stupid chick. The encounter does nothing to advance the plot. So sure enough, she turns out to be the "ghost". Usually, of the two guys they meet at the beginning, one is really friendly and the other one is just really pissed off at everyone. The ghost is almost always the friendly guy.
And, as "Wayne's World" so dutifully pointed out, the ending is always the same. Observe.

Fred or Velma: Now let's see who you _Really_ are! (Removes mask)
Shaggy: ZOIKS! It's Mr. Jones from the general store!
(Velma or Daphne will usually give some lame explanation of how they figured it out. It always involved some sort of money-making scheme that would be ruined if anyone found out about it. They would always use the phrase "So he dreamed up the CREATURE to scare people away so they wouldn't catch on...")
Mr. Jones: And it would have worked, too, if it hadn't been for you meddling kids!
Sheriff: Well, you won't have to worry about any "meddling kids" where YOU'RE going!
(Some stupid gag ensues where Scooby puts the creature's mask on and Shaggy freaks out, only to have everyone laugh at him)

Let's talk for just a minute about these villains. I never could quite follow their logic. Let me make up an episode so you'll see what I mean. OK, so there's some elderly couple living in a shack two hundred miles from the nearest town. Totally unbeknownst to them, there is a valuable treasure underneath the shack. So the villain dreams up some monster to scare them away so he can get at the treasure. To that I just say "No." Being a villain, you take a shotgun, blow their

heads off, and that's that. No one will notice they are gone until it's too late. This is less time-consuming, and _vastly_ less expensive. Think about it; some of these "monster suits" and the accompanying special effects could easily have cost MANY thousands of dollars to build (or, in the case of that episode with that giant electric dude, a lot more). Speaking of that, what's the deal with these "explanations" as for how the villain pulled the stuff off? The stuff that the villain was doing was always _way_ too cool to have been accomplished by the explanations that they give. How about that one where the "Abominable Snowman" was using "transparent skis" to appear to hover off the ground? Give me a break. That dude was floating two, maybe three feet in the air.

Speaking of which, I am firmly convinced that Velma and Fred, and perhaps Daphne as well, were the smartest people in the world. I mean, they would find a broom in a janitor's closet or Shaggy would step in a piece of gum and Velma would say "A clue! Now this mystery is starting to make sense!" Shaggy and Scooby, of course, were just a couple of dolts. Speaking of which, when they invariably "split up", why did they always send the two cowards off together? I guess if they hadn't, Shaggy and Scooby would never have been able to improvise some costumes and pretend like they wanted to cut the monster's hair or something. Even when Velma went with Shag and Scoob, she would always lose her glasses and be rendered
completely useless.

Not only that, I have got to wonder what Shaggy and Scooby were doing in the back of that van. I gotta believe they were tripping on Heroin. Look at the evidence. The shows were made in the 70s. A talking dog, for crying out loud. Sometimes I wonder if maybe Shaggy was the only one who could hear Scooby talk. We never did find out what was in those "Scooby snacks". Why do you think they were always driving around on back roads in the middle of nowhere? My guess is there ain't no cops out there to bust up Shaggy and Scooby's little party. And look at the paint job on that van. The "Mystery Machine"? Yeah, real big mystery there, pal.

There was one thing right about the show, though; Daphne. She was one heck of a girl. Beautiful, super-intelligent, everything you could want. The thing is, I really think that she and Fred were getting it on. THAT I think was why they sometimes sent Velma off with Shaggy and Scooby; Fred wanted to get a little play and he couldn't with Velma there. Daphne knew how to dress, too. Purple dress, pink tights, green scarf. As a matter of fact, they ALL knew how to dress. Fred had a white shirt, blue pants, and an orange scarf. Velma, orange sweater, red skirt, orange knee socks. Shaggy, some olive T-shirt that you knew was ratty and needed to be washed, and maroon pants that you knew were corduroy. But Daphne, she was the best. In terms of goddesses of 80s little boys, she ranks below only Prin-

cess Leia and Daisy Duke. Not bad for a cartoon.

And what about the guests? I mean, come on, does a cartoon really need to have celebrity guests bad enough to put animated versions of Phyllis Diller and Jonathan Winters on? I mean, how far down into the has-been barrel are we going to scrape here? What about the recurring guests? Did ANYONE like Scrappy? Was there a POINT to Scooby-Dum?

Sometimes I wonder if the animators would sit back and laugh at this moronic, repetitive, formulaic program that they were forcing on little kids. I think they must have.

But of all the things that tick me off about Scooby-Doo, here is what ticks me off the most. Blast it, hardly anyone shows it any more. When I was 6, it was my favorite show. Bring back my childhood. I want to see it on 4:00 on weekday afternoons on every independent station in every city in America. Maybe again at 4:30. I want to see Shaggy and Scooby have to get "revved up" before they can start running. I want to see that stupid episode where they get trapped in the ice cream factory with the chocolate, vanilla and strawberry phantoms. I want to see a cartoon with Don Knotts in it. I want to see those first-season episodes where they would play a disco song and everyone (including the monster, sometimes) would get down and boogie. Ted Turner, we "Children of the 80s" beseech you, return our childhood to us!

Thank you.

written by William R. McDaniel III, esq.
gt5386a@prism.gatech.edu

Coming soon: Things that irritate me about the Dukes of Hazzard, plus a commentary on the special effects in "Clash of the Titans"

"Remember the good old 1980s,
Things were so much simpler then"

-Electric Light Orchestra, off the "Time" album

The Enlightenment Loop

By James McDuffie

It was a day like any other. The cool wind of autumn swept over me as I sat on the concrete steps leading to our porch. Somehow I had ended up sitting here watching traffic pass. The highway was not but ten feet straight in front of me. A concrete walkway led to the sidewalk that ranparallel with the highway.

It was a slow Sunday, only a few cars coming down the road every now and then. When a car would come I would examine the contents of the car, seeking eye contact. Usually people would go by without noticing me. These people were all caught up in their own lives. However one or two people would turn their heads and look at me as they drove past. Something in their eyes seemed to be speaking, saying, "Who is this boy that sits here on a dreary day."

Summer was just over and the seeds of fall were planted. The sky that hung over my head was a dark grey. Water would soon fall and splatter on the concrete before me. This gloomy weather was enjoyable for the simply solitude and peaceful quiet that it brought. No one was outside except for me. I was alone on those steps. There was no sounds of people except for the infrequent visits of cars.

I find that the absence of white noise brings my mind to contemplate. Often before I would retire into my unconscious slumber at night, I would ponder questions and try to formulate answers. The weather had brought with the peace, questions. A simple observation of how a leaf moved through the air would give me more questions to ponder. It was the magnitude of concentration that sent me into a half unconscious, half conscious state. My mind in an effort to give my contemplative thoughts a higher priority had decreased the sensitivity of my senses. My vision glazed as I stared at nothing. And the rustle of the wind no longer registered in my ears.

It was in this state that I was startled by the stranger. I was contemplating the origin of life it self when I heard a deep but soft voice call out. "You seem to be a man who worries too much about the questions of life to really enjoy it."

Startled I looked up and saw a tall black man who appeared to be entering his late fifties. He wore light colored slacksand a white shirt with a collar. His clothing looked awkward as I lookedup and saw it against the grey sky. His hair was slightly white on the top and he wore an eloquent beard that was also turning white. Behind a pair of glasses were his eyes which were alight with intelligence. He wore a smile that never left his mouth. "Who are you," I asked the man who seemed out of place in such a dismal environment.

"I am simply an old man who was walking, enjoying the peace and saw a young man who seemed to be working his mind too hard." The stranger looked anything but old, he may have been old but somehow he had kept his youth. He extended his hand for me to shake. "Where are my manners, my name is Horace Butler."

I stood up and took his hand to complete the greeting. "My name is James McDuffie. I don't seem to recognize you. Around here everyone know each other. So I gather, you are a stranger to our town."

"Actually," his voice was authorative but gentle, "I am from nowhere and everywhere at once."

"That is nonsense, nothing can exist simultaneously as two opposite things. Or perhaps your statement means more than what the surface reveals." I was proud of showing my intelligence in analyzing his statement. I was able to appear to understand without revealing that I did not truly understand.

"Or perhaps you do not know and read too much into a simple statement." I was astonshied at how clearly he could understand my thoughts just from my speech. "But where I come from does not matter. May I ask you a question, I promise it will be a simple one, one that even you may understand."

Shocked by his boldness I answered with a feeble, "Sure."

"Why is it you sit here slothfully thinking, when you can be gathering knowledge and assimilating ideas?"

"I sit here to help me think. I have clearer thought when it is quiet and the quiet allows my thoughts to run free with out interference."

"Yes, but how can one think with a mind of ignorance. Can you discuss physics with a scholar when all that you know is biology?"

After looking for a witty reply I could only utter, "Well I guess not."

"So why not get up, do something and therefore learn something from what you do. Socialize with people, play baseball or football. Ride a bicycle around town, above all do something."

I was enlightened by his suggestions. So I stood up and told my new friend thanks. We shook hands and he started back on his walk. I hurriedly went inside to fetch a jacket. When I returned outside I was expecting to still see Horace walking down the sidewalk. Instead I saw only the blank, white sidewalk I had already observed. I shrugged my shoulders and walked in the direction that Horace had come from. After walking a short distance I found a black boy who looked about my age sitting on his porch in the same manner I had. I startled him and myself when I spoke the exact words that Horace had said unto me just minutes before. It was then that I understood where Horace Butler had truly come from.

Is Jesus an alien?

This may be offending to many people, and I apologise, but the history and the present may be able to explain what some see as inconsistencies in the official (i.e. biblical) version.

Throughout history, BC and AD, there have been numerous accounts of visitations by unearthly beings. For the Ancient Greeks, they were gods. For Joan of Arc, it was an angel. For Peter Pan, it was a fairy. Fox Mulder says they are aliens. Could these all be euphemisms for the same thing, dependant upon the social context? As Chris de Burgh once sang, did ìa spacemen come travellingî?

Firstly, alien abductees often claim to have been sexually interfered with, while abduction is sometimes used as a cover story for abuse. Secondly, bright lights often accompany extraterrestial encounters as well being an indication of the presence of angels/God in the Bible.

Then, there is the Star of Bethlehem - the supposed sign that predicted a King is born. It has already been accepted that the Star was result of a conjunction between Saturn and Jupiter, an rare astronomical phenomenon. Even rarer is it for the conjunction to happen twice in one year. But in 5 BC, that is what happened with a time gap of 8-10 months - ample time for gestation.

We also know that the Magi were not real kings but in fact astrologers/ astronomers.

Aliens could have posed as angels, based on the texts of the time, just as white men appeared as gods to the Incas. The sole purpose was to colonise and teach their ways to the people of Earth.

No-one knows what happened when Jesus was tempted in the wilderness by the Devil upon being baptised. But we know that Clarke Kent went to the arctic to discover his destiny and his powers and his duty to truth, Justice, and the American Way. And just as the combination of the Earth's atmosphere and Superman's genes gave him superhuman strength, the same could be true with regards to Jesus' healing powers.

Also Superman was essentially good, but he could get angry. So could Jesus.

Jesus taught people about the word of God - possibly the existence of aliens - which the Jews would probably have taken literally as they did not have access to television.

Then, Jesus would have been crucified for blasphemy. He was revived by the aliens. The polytheistic Romans could have thought the aliens were some form of god. Perhaps the appearances and Ascension were occasions that Jesus took to say farewell to his followers before joining his brethren in space, who realised that the people of Earth were not ready for 'outsiders'.

Since then, the aliens have created some form of Prime Directive (a la Star Trek), and only carry out secret observations - although, as in Star Trek, they cannot seem to carry it out effectively.

But no-one knows, not even the believers. And the non-believers are those who believe firmly in Jesus Christ, who could be exactly what they do not believe in.

Oh dear...

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"Good" Ramblings

by DeAnna Janecek

In response to recently hearing how hard it can be to write about good things, I must admit that it's true. But, before one can write about good things, one must know: what is good?

HmmmÖ good... Perhaps the best place to start would be with a standard definition. As defined by the American Heritage College Dictionary (yes, the one you were supposed to get for your English class) good is: "adj. 1. Being positive or desirable in nature; not bad or poor . . .". To use as an example in a sentence, "One requirement of being a good English student would be to purchase the correct dictionary." (Hey, I'm just defining good; I never said the humor would be any good.) Yet, that's a rather simplified definition of what is good. There are also moral implications to being good.

Morality is often what people think of when they are trying to define "good". Being good to some people means that you attend some sort of religious service on a regular basis. The rules that you learn there are the basis for what is to be considered righteous and holy and "good" in this world and are also the rules that you live by in order to have eternal salvation. Of course, there are those who don't buy into the whole religious experience. This group of society has to figure out what's good and bad on their own. There are some social groups that try to promote "good" behavior. For example, "straight edge"; the temperance movement of the late nineteenth / early twentieth century; or those zealots who try to censor what we can or cannot read in the library. Others try to pick role models who display "good" behavior (I, for one, don't recommend role models; people aren't perfect, especially the ones that most people try to look up to. I mean, c'mon. Actors? Politicians? Dennis Rodman??? These people, for the most part, aren't on the good end of the moral spectrum, no matter what your views are.)

And then there are children, who are supposedly innocent, good, and learn from their mistakes. Kids make mistakes. Lots of them; they'll lie, break things, take their friends' toys, etc. Children learn good from bad resulting from punishment they receive for doing something wrong (time out, a spanking, not getting their weekly allowance). Most of them learn by the time they reach college. Some don't; that's why there are prisons that the good people of society have to pay for.

But enough for philosophizing. There are also such things as good music, good food (is this starting to sound like a plug for a club?), and good books. You get the idea. However, what's good in those categories would be best left for someone else to decide and not myself. That way I can let you look forward to something else that's good:

The End.

A Failed Attempt

Dear ******,

I think everyone wanders around life in little colored glass bubbles, bubbles which offer a rainbow of ideas and perceptions on the inside, but which show what else there is very poorly. People don't want to leave this bubble, because it's they know what's inside. They know all the little nuances, the way the light makes the colors swirl, but they're afraid to go outside. They don't know what the light looks like on a single rose, how is refracts through falling rain, what it illuminates from the face of an angel.

I've done a great job of hiding in my bubble. I've learned so much about it, I can recreate it in my sleep, working with nothing. But to live in that bubble is to live forever alone, not letting anyone deep enough inside to really know me. The couple of times I've tried to go without it, I've been hurt. But those times I've also seen real beauty, beauty that I know exists elsewhere, places that I've never dared to look before.

Since I've known you, I've thought about leaving my bubble again, and tried to drop it, but every time I do, something seems (to me at least) to go wrong. I've tried to be very careful, not rush things with us, to go as slowly as you seemed to want me to. But, because of that, I wound up not knowing what you wanted, and confusing myself, and when I told you that, you were hurt; that was the last thing I wanted.

I've also forgotten what I did want. Somehow, in the craziness of trying to see you, I'd left behind what I wanted. Briefly, I want a chance. I want the chance to find peace in your eyes. I want the chance to hold your hand in the park, to stroll under a peaceful moon, to share a quiet meal and a chance to laugh. I want the chance to leave my bubble again, and to let you inside. I want to laugh with you and cry with you and look at the stars with you. I want to know what you think, and for you to know what I think. I want to share your feelings and fears and regrets and joys, and for you to share mine.

I don't know what the future holds; it always seems to have some idea of what it wants, and we always seem to be caught in it, but sometimes we can control it, too. And that's what I really want; I want some control. I want to hold this chance before it goes away. I want the chance to love you. Please give me that chance.

Always,
Entirely,
****

-2/13/98
Charles Erwin Winchester III

Brother Jim Gilles on Georgia Tech Campus

The following is a Q & A format interview of Brother Jim, which many of you have seen on campus. He spoke to Tech students on Monday and Wednesday, April 13th and 15th. This interview was taken after he finished his second day of ministering (Wednesday), just before leaving for his next location. For the record, he has consented to give this interview and have it paraphrased. Following is a paraphrased version of the interview at hand:

NAR: How long have you been preaching to college students?

Brother Jim: Fifteen years.

NAR: What is your technical denomination?

Brother Jim: I am non-denominational affiliated. I am a born again Christian; I am Pentecostal by practice.

NAR: How effective do you feel your effort has been?

Brother Jim: It's been very effective. I judge my effort by going onto a university campus with a John Belushi/Saturday Night Live type of crowd, getting my audiences attention, keeping their attention, and getting my message across.

NAR: Have you saved any souls these past two days on campus?

Brother Jim: I do not save souls. Only Christ can save souls. I personally stopped counting the number of souls I led to Christ at around three hundred. God told me to stop counting because he didn't want me bogged down in it.

NAR: How much longer do you plan to stay?

Brother Jim: This is my last day.

NAR: Where is your next destination?

Brother Jim: I'm heading to University of South Carolina next. After that I'll be going to Ohio State.

NAR: Are you paid?/ Is this a full time job for you?

Brother Jim: This is my full time job. This is charity work. Students at Georgia Tech are my charity cases.

NAR: How is it that you make a living then?

Brother Jim: I preach in churches and usually receive a portion of the offering and donations. Sometimes I get monthly support checks from different people. That's the kind of payment I like best because the IRS considers it a non-taxable gift. (Please note again that this interview took place on April 15.)

NAR: I've noticed you spend a great deal of time telling students here they are going straight to hell. How can you know the conditions of students souls by looking at them in the crowd?

Brother Jim: I can tell by looking only if they are adorned in immodest fashion.

NAR: So you judge by the way that we're dressed and act?

Brother Jim: If you're dressed immodestly; for example girls in short shorts or halter tops and etc. I also judge by their comments and arguments.

NAR: You've told some pretty elaborate stories, including the now-famous Van Halen story. Is all of that true?

Brother Jim: Yes

NAR: Have you ever told a lie in order to make a story a bit more entertaining?

Brother Jim: No, but I do employ hyperbole.
NAR: You've said that the only way to heaven is through Jesus and that's the reason Mormons and Muslims and such are not going to heaven.

Brother Jim: Right.

NAR: What about Jewish people?

Brother Jim: If they do not follow the Messiah they are going to hell. They hold to traditions written by men; not those inspired by god.

NAR: Did you say that the former Princess Diana is currently in hell?

Brother Jim: Oh yes, she was an adulteress fornicator.

NAR: How can you attest to know the condition of the soul of a person you have never met?

Brother Jim: Through their oral testimony. I'm assuming that she would not lie about her infidelity.

NAR: Do you believe in separation of church and state?

Brother Jim: Yes, but the church has every right to be a part of government, but the government does not have the right to tell the church what to do. The bible, however, should be the source of morality for all civil conduct.

NAR: Do you believe in the concept of free will?

Brother Jim: Yes. Most definitely. Free will is where accountability lies. Without free will, there would be no reward or punishment.

NAR: Do you find that judging and condemning students to hell to be an effective way of leading souls to Christ?

Brother Jim: Judging and condemning are two distinct terms. Only God has executive power to condemn. I tell students if they are condemned based on God's teaching. But judging is different. It's similar bud different.

NAR: Okay, but do you find it to be effective?

Brother Jim: It works for me and my personality and for the students I am targeting. The students I'm targeting are ones who wouldn't go to a Christian organization or church.

NAR: Since I don't have a tape recorder, the article will have to be paraphrased. If you feel I have twisted your words, please feel free to contact me.

Brother Jim: Well, I wish you good fortune in your work and hope it is rewarding to you. Thank you for taking your time to talk to me.

Brother Jim: Thank you.

gte849e@prism.gatech.edu

Ricky Anderson

The Good Evils

By Michelle Murphy

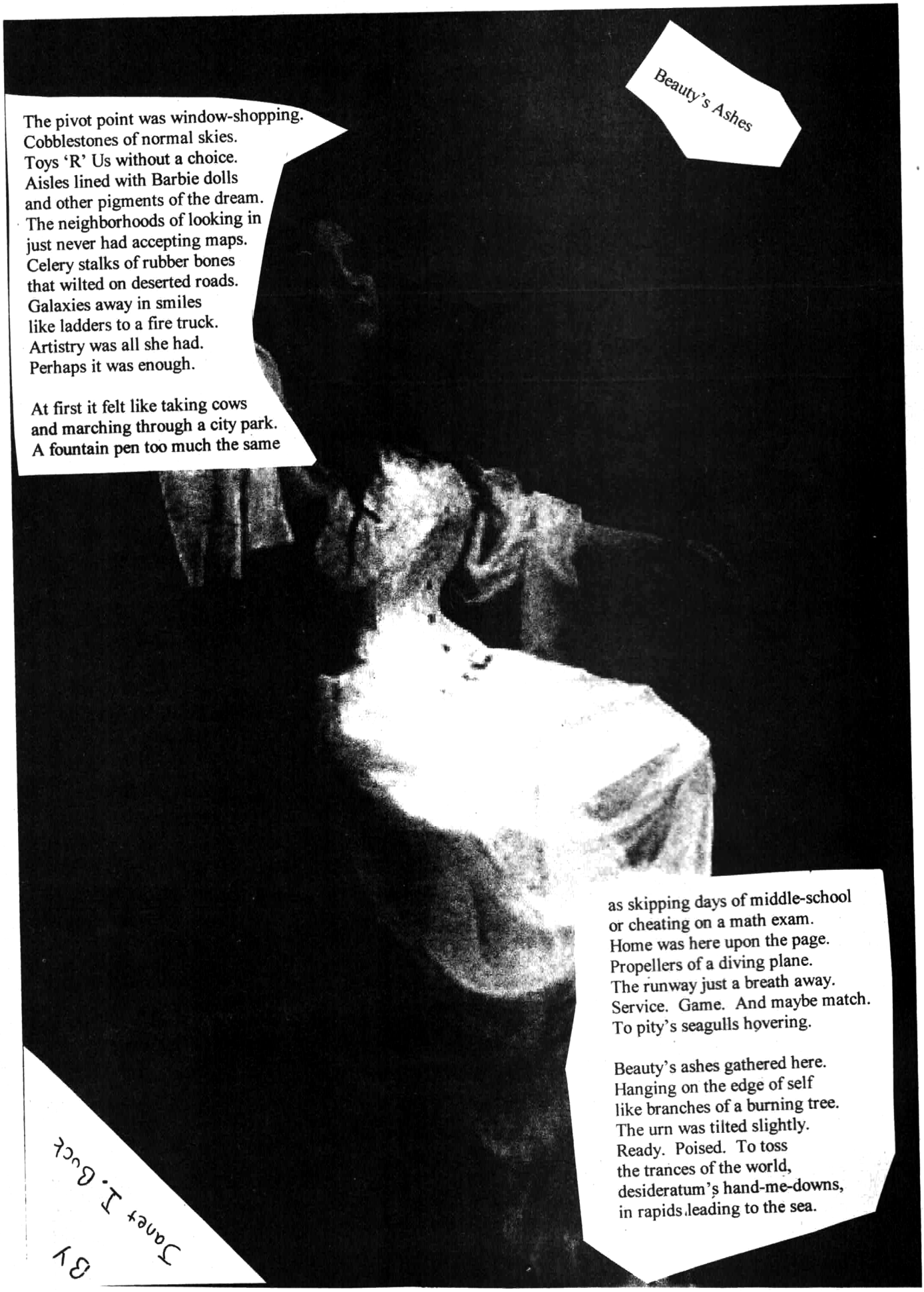
Drinking, smoking, drugs, caffeine. We are constantly told that these are evils that we should steer clear from. And if we are already participating in such activities, we are told to quit. But we don't want to quit. Cutting down is a good idea, though. That way we don't have to quit exactly and no real drinker wants to give up drinking and no real smoker wants to give up smoking and so on. Sure, liver problems and lung cancer are not attractive, nor is an overdose. But as I am sure any smoker, drinker or smack user will agree, life is just not worth living without these little pleasures. As said by L. Rust Hills, life is a Three-Legged Stool, supported by Booze, Coffee, and Smokes, which interdependent essentially. Kick away any leg of the stool and the whole old corpus comes crashing to the kitchen floor.

There is nothing like a good cigarette after a meal. And it is common knowledge that it is nearly impossible to drink coffee or beer without a cigarette. Or having a cigarette after several hours without. It's soothing. It's relaxing. Smoking also helps keep away unwanted goody-goody types. I personally love to see that scowl they get on there face when I first light up.

Drinking is good because it's somewhat legal (age) and a very social thing to do. It's also a bit of an excuse to act silly and stupid. I really don't have to much to say about drinking because I think it is self explanatory.

Drugs. Can't say I use them. But I do understand why people do use them. I think it's for the same reason as all the other good evils. We all know that these activities are bad. But damnit if they don't just feel so good. Whether you are high, hyper, drunk, or had your share of vitamin N (Nicotine), you are happy and content and free. It's like saying "fuck the world, I like this."

So my point. Well, there is no point. Just as smoking, drinking, drugs and caffeine have no real point or purpose, neither does this article. It just felt good.



Beauty's Ashes

The pivot point was window-shopping.
Cobblestones of normal skies.
Toys 'R' Us without a choice.
Aisles lined with Barbie dolls
and other pigments of the dream.
The neighborhoods of looking in
just never had accepting maps.
Celery stalks of rubber bones
that wilted on deserted roads.
Galaxies away in smiles
like ladders to a fire truck.
Artistry was all she had.
Perhaps it was enough.

At first it felt like taking cows
and marching through a city park.
A fountain pen too much the same
as skipping days of middle-school
or cheating on a math exam.
Home was here upon the page.
Propellers of a diving plane.
The runway just a breath away.
Service. Game. And maybe match.
To pity's seagulls hovering.

Beauty's ashes gathered here.
Hanging on the edge of self
like branches of a burning tree.
The urn was tilted slightly.
Ready. Poised. To toss
the trances of the world,
desideratum's hand-me-downs,
in rapids leading to the sea.

By
Janet L. Buck

MISTRESS BEHAVE

A visceral island
lies in hurricane waters,
and an unraveling man
guts the entrails of his meals.
Five more gasp,
strung from palm fiber twine.
Viscous is the fisherman
bleaching green
dripping blood,
with a conscious beckoning wind
that could fill freedom's sails.
Which run
to the city ornamented mainland,
by way of metal currents.
So he eats
under a thatched roof,
without judgement
or a command.

-Robert L. Jackson

In The Nitty Gritty

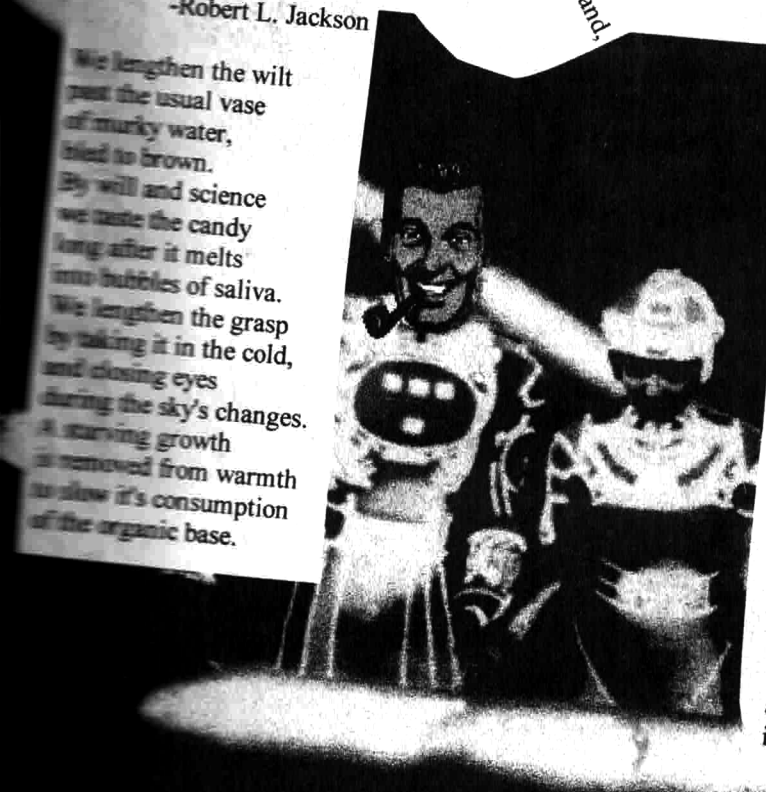
Will you have your tea with me?
On a bed of soft, white soap slivers
All the support we need
Until the sky opens up again
Then we slip and slide
Over cool lizard mosses
And ladybug grasses
Into a carnival of churning mountain vein
Swollen with sweet honey heroin dew
That every animal must fury after
And every animal we are
In the nitty gritty
Of God's own blood

-Christopher Rowell

Delay

-Robert L. Jackson

We lengthen the wilt
past the usual vase
of murky water,
tried to brown.
By will and science
we taste the candy
long after it melts
into bubbles of saliva.
We lengthen the grasp
by taking it in the cold,
and closing eyes
during the sky's changes.
A starving growth
is removed from warmth
to slow it's consumption
of the organic base.



Burned by the Wind

Untouched by wind, smoke rises undisturbed.
Smoldering remains grow cold.
The charred wood longs to burn again.

Though extinguished by a gale,
the wind is what it needs most.
Rekindled by a gentle breeze,
the fire could once again ignite.

My mind is seared by red hot glowing embers
sprouting flames that shiver at the wind's caress.

The clear night sky is filled with pallid luminesence,
a painful reminder of distant blazes
that mock the would be fire below.

The chance to burn once more,
to illuminate the night sky with its brilliance
and outshine the moon and stars;
if only the wind would end this stillness.

Adam Hi

2/11/98

comma problems ⇒ 32e

2/16/98

Mrs. Linde knew (had a relationship w/ Krogstad. before she left him.

They are getting back together → transformation.

Their union will save Nora. But that's not her purpose she wants Helmer to know the truth

Helmer wants to get w/ Nora after dance

"mine" male chauvinist

She won't be his possession

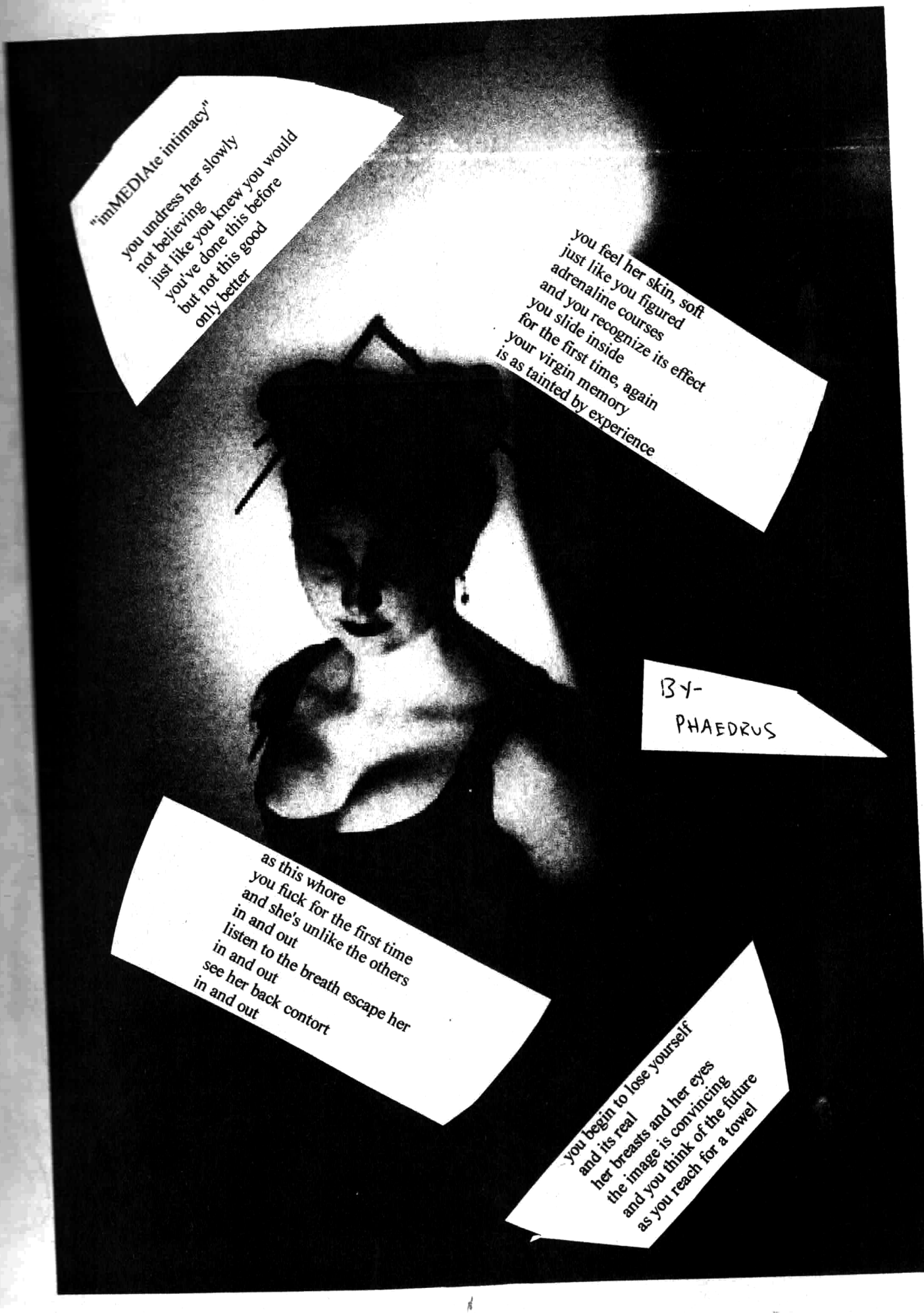
Hypocrit - says he wishes he could sacrifice for her, - he won't

she waits for the miracle

he gets the letter

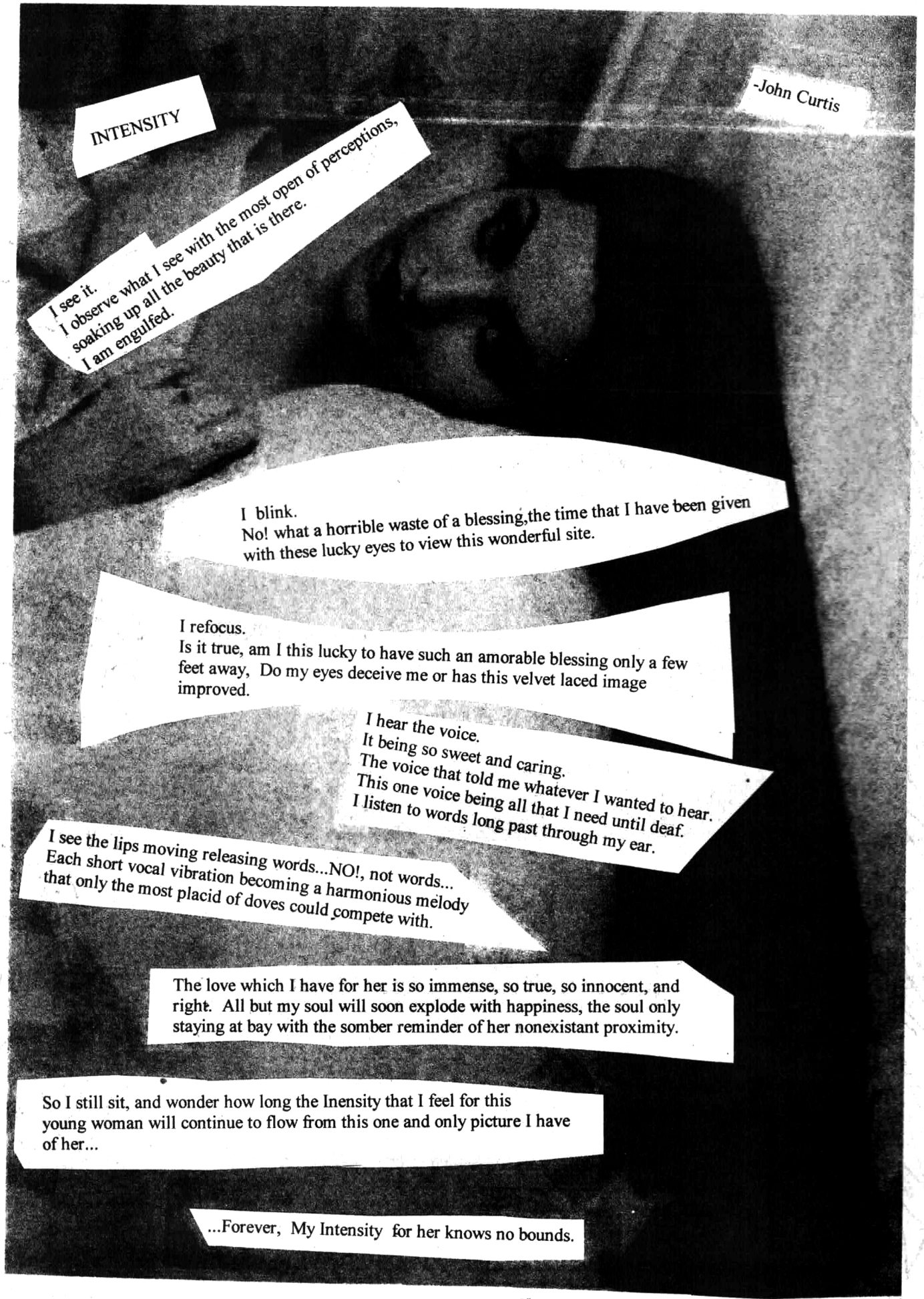
bad reaction

no miracle


"imMEDIAte intimacy"
you undress her slowly
not believing
just like you knew you would
you've done this before
but not this good
only better
you feel her skin, soft
just like you figured
adrenaline courses
and you recognize its effect
you slide inside
and you recognize its effect
for the first time, again
your virgin memory
is as tainted by experience
BY-
PHAEDRUS
as this whore
you fuck for the first time
and she's unlike the others
in and out
listen to the breath escape her
in and out
see her back contort
in and out
you begin to lose yourself
and its real
her breasts and her eyes
the image is convincing
and you think of the future
as you reach for a towel

I will not play at spank da' shoot.
I'd rather play at lick da' coot,
Where everyone licks
Instead of whacks dicks,
Where everyone dribbles
And fingers the clit,
Where everyone vibrates,
And everyone toungues,
And everyone undulates,
And everyone cums.
-- Rick Hargett, "Lick da' Coot"
futons
The Bitern Quert
To rest a change
A bitern quert
The shame it lays on thee
Aront you nonce
For it is so
Asar the blackened grie
Thrash from afar
Rortantly child
For now we all can see
Frant jart ilt best
The end is here
Abart knaring kree
-Kiefer

Misakatant
Misakatant
Frenel kitel
Awant itelent
Froberar
Misakatant
Helit bechale
Awert tile nelbant
Onerat
Misakatant
Ignodle!
Ignodle frot jur e
Kis dal hi nidly
Hi nidly, pol ma de
-Kiefer
Untitled
Thri traw o nate
Yi berrit sko
Fri cantern londer kee
Sortent ji liverns
Kronts yor tard
Yionder bernest shre
Cinart cotander jibble, jent
Kiwands wandes awnt
Triburish andle eglertant
Hiond iskant awel
-Kiefer



INTENSITY

-John Curtis

I see it.
I observe what I see with the most open of perceptions,
soaking up all the beauty that is there.
I am engulfed.

I blink.
No! what a horrible waste of a blessing,the time that I have been given with these lucky eyes to view this wonderful site.

I refocus.
Is it true, am I this lucky to have such an amorable blessing only a few feet away, Do my eyes deceive me or has this velvet laced image improved.

I hear the voice.
It being so sweet and caring.
The voice that told me whatever I wanted to hear.
This one voice being all that I need until deaf.
I listen to words long past through my ear.

I see the lips moving releasing words...NO!, not words...
Each short vocal vibration becoming a harmonious melody
that only the most placid of doves could compete with.

The love which I have for her is so immense, so true, so innocent, and right. All but my soul will soon explode with happiness, the soul only staying at bay with the somber reminder of her nonexistant proximity.

So I still sit, and wonder how long the Inensity that I feel for this young woman will continue to flow from this one and only picture I have of her...

...Forever, My Intensity for her knows no bounds.

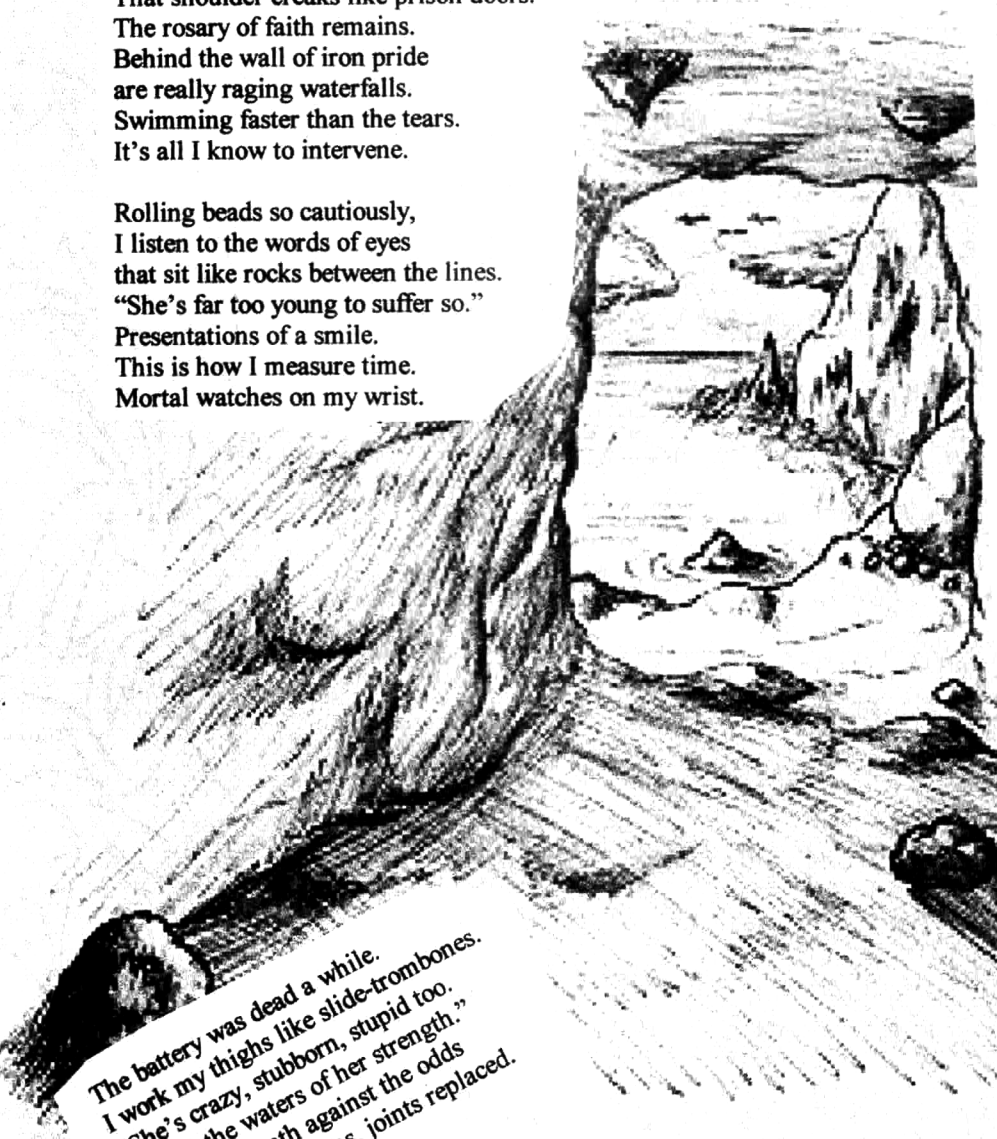
English Notes

He blames her father's morals
Her mood changes
"ruined" his happiness
only thinks of himself
Suicide won't help
she's cold & calm now
says they can't go on
she can't bring up children
she must go on living there
new letter comes
her IOU
he only thinks of himself
she decides to leave him
back to beginning → song bird
he's condescending
thinks he should make all decisions
she changes → ready to leave
→ physically, mentally
wronged by father & him
never loved her
just idea of loving her
she was told what to think

The Rosary

Eight weeks out of surgery.
Pushing closer to a mile.
That shoulder creaks like prison doors.
The rosary of faith remains.
Behind the wall of iron pride
are really raging waterfalls.
Swimming faster than the tears.
It's all I know to intervene.

Rolling beads so cautiously,
I listen to the words of eyes
that sit like rocks between the lines.
"She's far too young to suffer so."
Presentations of a smile.
This is how I measure time.
Mortal watches on my wrist.



The battery was dead a while.
I work my thighs like slide-trombones.
"She's crazy, stubborn, stupid too.
To test the waters of her strength."
Hold her breath against the odds
of straining tendons, joints replaced.

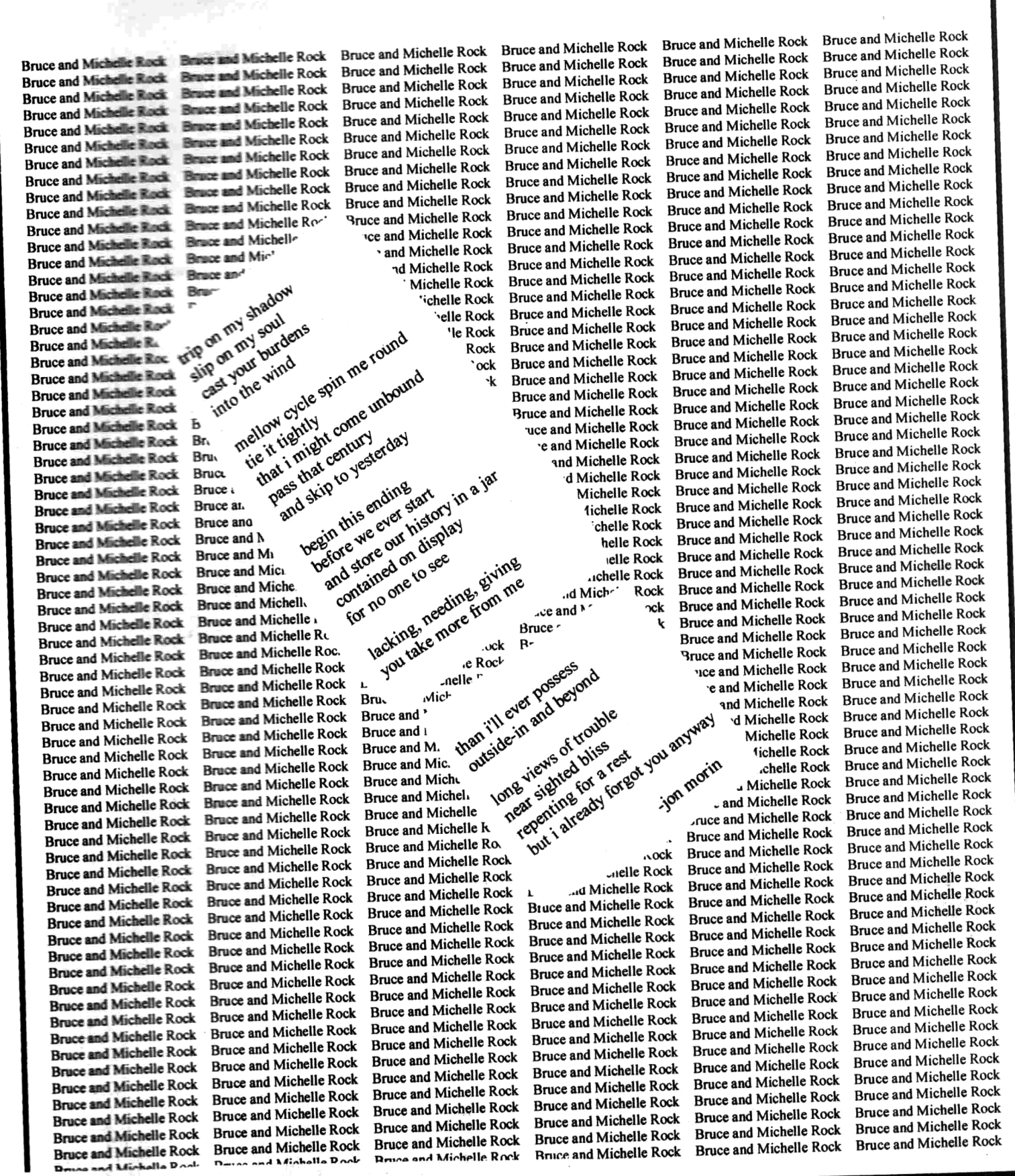
What they never understood
was exercising rites of need.
Succumbing was a felony.
She'd never wear its prison stripes.
A food-fight with the hand of fate.
Winning this was everything.
Losing it was treasured solidarity.
Pianos next to violins.
Lying buried once again
in bellies of the devil's sea.

by Janet I. Buck

From Low and Other Seas

>From low and other seas I come
To waken all who pass before
The land it calls like turtledoves
Igniting fire in our souls
A new day rises
My heart it swells
Again I find myself awash
The ragged plate of time
For yonder shines a beacon
I know my footsteps well
I scream delight
Across the night
For this shall be it
Our sharpened knife
Which breaks the color from within
Attack these daggers
Light your way across the sea
Form overcoats to shade
Three thrushes sing from overhead
The tiger roars, then slinks away
A ray of hope for all who come
Drink up, be merry, sing
Be everlasting
For I am one
Who walks upon the wind

-Kiefer



IMAGINE MY DISGUST

--Vince

Noise and sirens...why don't the just shut the fuck up?
I don't need this stress
because I generate enough stress by myself thank you.

Just get me out of the city.

All I would need is a bit of pocket lint and something to start a fire
and something plastic to keep out the water
and something so that I could kill things to eat.

I wouldn't even need the fire to cook the creatures
I'd eat the bastards raw

and the only things that I would eat are little cute furry
creatures that are too stuck up to let me pet them.

I would sit still for awhile and try to become one with the Earth
then, when a cute little squirrel or 'coon came near me
I'd kill it and eat it
the whole time laughing

because it was stupid enough to come near me.

I think ozzy hit on something when he bit off bat heads on stage
except that bats are cool and you shouldn't eat them

(you should throw small rocks at bats to make them think they are
bugs and then watch them crash into the ground chasing them with their
sonar capabilities)

No, I would just eat cute, little things.
Creatures that piss my off 'cause chicks dig them
instead of digging me.

and I'd eat 'em in private,
and hopefully they would still be partially alive as
I sunk my teeth into them.

As I ate them they would look up at me
with their cute, fucking, quivering eyes
and wonder why I was eating them.
Because those little bastards know their cute
and they think they can get away with anything.
But I'd be eating them
and it would really confuse them
because this isn't the way they're supposed to be treated.

Question:

Fr. B,

I had one of my Confirmation students ask what purgatory was. I really don't have a clear picture of what is to give him an answer. Everyone I ask seems to give me a different meaning and every time I try to look it up in the Catechism it just confuses me. I have been told that I can find some reference to it in the Bible (the old testament) that is of the Catholic bible. Can you explain to me what purgatory in terms that me and my Confirmation students can understand or at least tell where in the Bible I can find it. It may be more easy for me to understand than the Catechism.
Thank you

Answer:

You asked what Purgatory is. Let me start somewhere else that may help.

At the time of our death we are confronted with the Ultimate Question. "Do you except God's love and forgiveness?" If we answer 'Yes.' then we go to purgatory. If we say 'No,' then we go to the place few chose to go... and that is hell. Yes, the church does hold that Hell exists, and that some people chose to go there.

If a person does not understand the Ultimate Question, it will be explained to them so that they can make an informed decision.

Since everyone sins, no one is ready to meet God face to face at the time of their death (well, maybe some, but few people). Purgatory is a place of purging, of purifying oneself of our sins, so that we can understand God fully.

The Church teaches that there are fires in Purgatory, but these fires are vastly different then the fires and pains of Hell, because the fires of Purgatory are purifying us, and the person knows that they are getting ready for Heaven. these fires are purifying, just like the sacrament of reconciliation. There is a lot of tension before and during the sacrament, but pure joy afterwards, if the sacrament was taken seriously.

I hope this helps.

God Bless,

Fr. Ray

PARISIIS.

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No./no 22

Book Review

Coming of Age in Babylon (Finding Your Own Reality) by Doug De Bias

"If Shakespeare were alive and coming of age today, he would have probably uttered more than a few 'Forsooths' over the dilemma of drugs in today's society ... To take drugs, or not to take drugs / That is the question."

This is one of those books people throw at you. And yes, someone DID throw this book at me. They said "read it and review it". So I obliged. This slim volume claims to reveal "straight answers to: sex, drugs, your parents, your partners, religion, politics, the rat race, metaphysics, and other stuff.". With chapters like Masterbation & Morality, Homosexuality, and Feminine Facial Hair & Other Imperfections, this book really tries to pitch itself as the answer to all the ills of life. However, after reading a few chapters, I am only willing to throw it into one of my already overflowing baskets of self help books that claim to rid me of my miserable existence.

To be completely honest, I didn't read all the chapters in this book, so don't blame me if genious lies in the chapters which I missed. The truth is, from what I read, I could probably fill in the blanks for most of the rest of the book. Most of what I thought was wrong with this book isn't really in the book itself, but the reader. I don't see how any little instruction book can offer cures or answers or even better insights to the problems of life. Basically, "the self-help book" fails once again, as expected, because of one simple often overlooked truth : things are easier said than done.

Mr. De Bias overlooked that truth. As well as the millions of self-help readers. In the introduction, the author states that the book is aimed at a target audience of "coming of agers".. those around the ages of 18-25, who are open to life's possibilities. Indeed, the material in the book is frank, open, and conversational. It offers advice that sounds more like a dying hippy's last words to his rebellious teenager. Many so-called "answers" to different aspects of life are uttered in these pages, but the puzzling thing to me is how somebody can actually claim these as "answers". The answer to "drugs, sex, religion" etc. may be different to different people. Ultimately, this advice is tinted with bias (no pun intended). Different people possess different answers to these questions; it's all part of the human experience. Another human being can not solve these life problems for you. You must ultimately find out your own.

De Bias's words may actually be good advice, but advice is rarely taken when spelled out clear and flat. The best way to experience and learn about life is, just like everything else, to practice. Practice makes (near) perfect. My advice? Ignore the advice, and dive in. Have fun.

- Jimmy Lo.

so unpleasant. She could read about anything. Go anywhere. Read about anyone. She'd have to reread something by Salinger tomorrow. That was always comforting. The characters may be fucked up but at least they were like her. Her family back in Seattle was nothing like her. She had no idea how that had happened. There was always the theory that she was adopted or switched at birth. Highly unlikely. Or that aliens had dropped her on the steps of Swedish Hospital a couple decades ago. And there was a big ol' FBI cover-up. That was more likely.

How could anyone grow up so different from the group of people you call your family? Carolyn had always wondered that. Wouldn't environmental factors play a big part in the development of you belief system and your personality? Why did her brother grow up with the same twisted value system as their parents? Then she'd grown up with her sense of values which didn't even begin to mesh with theirs. And Seri - poor Seri - was only nineteen and everything she did was based on doing the opposite of their parents. It seemed like she did that just to defy them. She didn't even seem interested in finding out what she believed in. She seemed more interested in doing the opposite of what their parents wanted her to do.

Oh god! Carolyn suddenly thought, how much of what I do is based on trying to things to defy our parents? And how much is based on defying Brad? Why had she moved to San Francisco? she wondered. Did she make the decision just so she could in some way abandon Brad? That way he could never find her and would not know where he was. Until word got back to him. Which it must have done, soon enough.

Ugh, she thought, I would hate to think that anything I did was directly related to Brad! And if the move had anything to do with Brad, then should she stay here knowing that? But she couldn't just go back to Seattle. Well, she could, but she didn't want to. There were too many bad memories there. And anyway, if she left San Francisco just cause she came here to get away from Brad and she was going to move so that she had made a move that wasn't motivated by him, then it canceled itself out and she was making a move based on Brad again. Only then she'd have to start over again in a totally new city. She didn't want to do that again anytime soon. It was tiring enough doing it here.

Carolyn tried to position herself that no part of her body was touching any other part. Bodies are really weird things, she thought to herself, I wonder why we're not more in control of what they do? How come I can't just switch my body's functio and my mind's functions on and off whenever it was convenient? If I coul just turn everything off until someone came to let me out of this room it would be so much more convenient.

The light in the middle of the room flickered and Carolyn sighed, looking up at. She realized that she was at least lucky that the light was on. At least she could see what was going on around her - even if it was nothing.

Not more than a minute later there was a loud pop and tiny pieces of glass exploded and cascaded from where the light bulb hung. The room was enveloped in darkness.

"Shit," Carolyn muttered.

between a buzz and a whine. Like an air raid warning from far away, or perhaps an old alarm clock. She was very irritated by this. She'd finally started to relax, even drift off a little, and she was suddenly shot back into coherency and this unpleasant situation.

"What the fuck is that?" she snapped out loud, standing up and looking at the door.

She put her ear against the door. It wasn't coming from right outside the door. It definitely wasn't coming from anything inside the room. It almost sounded like it was coming from somewhere outside the building altogether, but was so loud that she could hear it in there.

"Hello!" Carolyn pounded on the door again, hoping that wherever the sound was coming from had a person to along with it, "Hey! I'm stuck in here! Could someone let me out?!"

She put her ear to the door again, heard nothing but the buzzing sound, then kicked the door as hard as she could. The sound continued, at the same steady, unchanging drone. Carolyn stomped back to the middle of the room and sat down and covered her ears and began to rock back and forth.

This was just too much! The sound seemed to be drilling a hole straight from her ears through the center of her head. She closed her eyes against the glaring white walls, which seemed to have started breathing from being all she'd had to look at for what seemed an eternity already.

"Shut up!" she yelled in frustration, "Shut up! Shut up!"

Just as she felt like her mind was going to snap and her skull was going to explode from that awful noise and this barren room and the thoughts that just wouldn't stop in her head - the feeling started to cease. Carolyn dropped her hands form her ears and lay back on the cold floor. She closed her eyes and just thought of her body melting into the hard concrete floor. If she thought like the that, then the buzzing sound became almost comforting. It was a break from the suffocating silence that had preceded it. She couldn't help wondering what it was, though. But she just wouldn't think about it. She'd just think about melting into the floor.

Then she found that at certain times, she'd even forget she was hearing the buzzing. Carolyn opened her eyes again and stared up at the white ceiling and the glaring single lightbulb. She stared at it until her eyes began to blur. She imagined how in twenty-four hours from now she'd be at work. By then she would already be looking back at this day as a chain of rather silly, unfortunate mishaps. In that time she would've had time to do enough to have gotten her mind off this day. She would have time to eat dinner and get enough sleep. That wasn't a very long time from now. Soon this whole stupid experience would be over.

Soon enough she'd be at work. Work was safe. Nothing bad ever happened there. In fact, very little ever happened there. She could sit back in the old wooden chair up in the corner of the store, behind the desk where they kept the cash box, and just read. Escape from everything this day had brought which was

where she had learned the answer to that and why she'd already forgotten. Was that necessary knowledge for the average person to possess?

What would happen to her if she went crazy? Would they find her crawling around on her hands and knees, drooling and panting like a desperate animal. Had anyone ever gone so crazy from starvation that they ate their own hand? Ugh. That's a really gross thought, Carolyn realized. But could you live or sustain yourself by doing something like that? Or would you bleed to death first? Or merely just gross yourself out to the point that you died? No, that's got to be impossible. Though, there have stories of people being trapped under something and sawing their own leg off in order to survive. Like an animal chewing off it's paw to get out of a trap. But I like my arms and legs. I wouldn't want to give them up!

Carolyn shook her head to try and get those thoughts out of her head. What would it be like to lose a limb? That would be really sad. It would be different than grieving losing a friend. What a huge grief that must be. to lose a part of your body like that.

What about that woman in "Romeo is Bleeding"? Didn't she cut off her own arm with a chainsaw or something? Wouldn't she one day stop and look back and be really pissed off at herself for doing something like that? How can someone be so incredibly detached from their own self to do something like that? Or in other movies about the mafia where they are portrayed as mailing a severed hand or whatever to someone. What would that look like? Wait - I don't want to know something like that! Let's not go down that road.

Carolyn paced across the room and touched the wall at the opposite side. Almost in an attempt to confirm that yes, it was there and it wasn't moving. So, if she was stuck in here, and she went inside from starvation would that insanity be permanent or would it fade once she was given water and food again. What about brain damage? That would be all too possible, wouldn't it?

Suddenly, Carolyn started to feel panicked. She shuddered and rushed across the room back to the door. The whole idea of actually being trapped in there was too overwhelming to actually accept as reality.

"Hey! I'm stuck in here!" she began pounding on the door, screaming, "Come on! Hello! Anyone?"

She began to shake and was starting to feel like she couldn't breathe. She slammed her fist as hard as she could into the door, then stepped back and stared at it, waiting for a possible change. The pain that shot through her arm seemed to momentarily snap her back to her senses.

"They're not going to close this place without letting me out," she said out loud to comfort herself. She hoped the sound of her own voice might calm her down.

Carolyn sát down again and leaned back against the door. Ok, she thought, I can just go to sleep until they come and let me out. Leaning her head back against the door, she closed her eyes and let out a long sigh. It was only a few minutes later that she became aware of a distant high pitched whine. Something

say in the bible is prophesy, then the people who call themselves Christians are the ones who are evil. I mean, aren't they the ones who have all the hate and judgment in their hearts? And aren't they not supposed to be worshiping false idols? What about all their symbols of the cross and of a dead Jesus hanging on the cross? What is that all about? They're worshiping a dead guy. They're eating bread and blood and talking about consuming the body and blood of Christ. Ick! That's cannabalism. And they chastise the African tribes that eat the bodies of their ancestors? Granted that's gross as Hell but they're trying to do the same thing symbolically. At least their motivation is the same. And they're hanging all these things around their churches and houses that killed their God. That's just weird. Will people one day have electric chairs or guns hanging around their houses as some sort of religious icon? God ... it's all so fucking weird.

Carolyn shuddered, realizing that she'd lost herself deeply in her thoughts. She did not like the idea of her country's congress being run by a group of people who worshiped a symbol of capitol punishment.

Without really thinking about it, Carolyn absently pulled at the glasses again. She knew they weren't going to come off but she couldn't help herself from just trying once more. She looked up at the lightbulb. It was swinging just slightly from a breeze that seemed to come from nowhere. The movement was so slight it almost made her wonder if she was imagining it.

She looked down at her watch and noticed it was a quarter after two. Wonder how long I will have to be in here, she thought to herself. Then it hit her that when she'd been in the first room with Brad she'd looked down at her watch and it had said the same time. Shit! Now even her watch wasn't working. Nothing was working. What a stupid place.

Carolyn stood up and tried to open the door again. She tried jiggling the handle and even tried to see if she could somehow wedge something into the crack between the door and the wall to pick the lock. She still had her driver's license in the back pocket of her jeans. She tried slipping that into the crack, but the steel latch was immovable. Carolyn stood back and stared at the door in defeat, her mind a blank for anymore ideas.

It occurred to her that she may be locked in there for along time. Maybe she would be there until she starved to death. Or died of dehydration first. No, that was ridiculous. This was a public place. They had business licenses and were already known throughout the city. They wouldn't be so negligent as to let someone just rot in one of their rooms. Would they? Carolyn shuddered at the thought of being in that room more than a couple hours. She turned back around and tried to find something in the room to focus on that might be comforting. But the white walls were sparse and unwelcoming. The floor looked cold and hard and anything but comforting, with it's smooth gray concrete. There weren't even any cracks to break up the empty appearance - just a blank sheet of gray.

I wonder how long it would take before I went crazy in here, Carolyn mused, with a detached interest. I wonder if you can go crazy just from dehydration. Or starvation. How long could a person live without water? She wondered

Slavery. What the hell were they thinking when they did that? And the Holocaust - god! that was just one big huge wave of rampant stupidity. Or maybe that was more misinformation. Something like not checking all the rooms in the building when there was a missing persons report filed was not "misinformation". But then O.J. Simpson was found not guilty of killing his wife. That took some amazing stupidity. Or craftsmanship. Maybe they were purposely trying to get people trapped in this place. Maybe they'd set it up like this. Like in Soylent Green. Using people to feed the people.

No, that was weird. I'm thinking really weird thoughts, Carolyn pointed out to herself. I'm sure there's some way to get out of here or to notify someone that something's malfunctioning.

Carolyn began tapping her foot in a slow, methodic rhythm. This is frustration, she thought. This is really very fucking frustrating.

She stopped tapping her feet and looked at her boots. Who thought up the idea of boots, she wondered. She didn't actually know how the first shoes were invented, come to think of it. Did anyone know how the first shoes were invented. When were combat boots invented? In the time of the Roman Gladiators? No - weren't those some sort of big thigh high deal with lots of metal? Who made the first pair of combat boots? And how come they made steel-toed boots but not gloves with steel fingers? When did civilians start wearing combat boots? Were it the punks in the late 70' England? Or were those factory boots? Is there a difference? Didn't they wear the original Doc Marten's - or did that come later? Carolyn had never really been interested enough in fashion or the origins of fashion to remember such frivolous details. For a moment, though the question of Doc Marten's seemed important enough that she wished she had.

Had they ever really started drafting people during the Gulf War? And did they ever succeed in having women get drafted to? Oh Christ - when was the Gulf War again? Was that or Bush? It must have been Bush. Whatever happened to George Bush? Didn't I read somewhere that the Governor of some Southern state was named George Bush? Did he become a governor after leaving the presidential office? And what the hell was he doing being president anyway? What the hell was that New World Order shit about? It still seems like he was just a front man for a CIA plan to control the world. That is really the only explanation for that whole deal. Nah - they wouldn't have been so easily defeated by Clinton if that were the case. Or Clinton would've been assassinated or something like that a long time ago.

And what about all these Republicans in Congress now? Could it be true that only thirty percent of the country voted when they decided that? That would be comforting. Then maybe it would mean that the right wing wasn't so large as it was beginning to appear. More that they were just more motivated. And loud. But what if they ended up controlling the country anyway? That would suck. What if they wanted everyone in the country to be Christian. What if it was a crime not to be Christian? Could another Holocaust happen? Prison camps for people who wouldn't convert. The irony seems to be that if what they

ing again to open it. It still did not budge. Carolyn let out another sigh and sat down where she was and leaned back against the door.

"Fuckin' ex-boyfriends, then my father and a bunch of spiders," she muttered, "This is not fun. I thought this was supposed to be fun. It's supposed to be fuckin' entertainment. I paid good money to come in here. I paid good money to be entertained. Entertainment is supposed to be fun isn't it? This is just not fun. Therefore this is not entertainment. I want my twenty bucks back. Christ."

The room still remained unchanged. The lightbulb hanging from the ceiling flickered slightly and Carolyn watched it warily, expecting that maybe that was a sign that whatever horror awaited her was about to appear. When nothing did appear, she hesitantly let out her breath and watched the walls suspiciously. Absolutely nothing was happening. Carolyn began to absently chew on her thumbnail, reasoning that she would be more prepared for whatever was to come if she just sat quietly against the wall and waited. That way she'd at least be facing head on whatever was to come.

Carolyn realized she was chewing on her thumbnail and stopped. She looked up at the glaring white lightbulb again. Still nothing in the room changed. She scanned the bare walls again to see if she'd missed any changes. Still nothing had changed.

She reached up to try and pull of her glasses but for some reason they seemed to be stuck to her head. Maybe there was something wrong with them. Maybe that's why nothing was happening. She wondered why there wasn't a way to somehow notify management that her glasses weren't working. What did people do when this happened? This must have happened to someone already. It was technology. Technology is fallible. How come they didn't cover stuff like this when you first came into the place? And how was she expected to contact anyone to let them know the glasses weren't working when the door wouldn't even open.

"And what the hell am I supposed to do? Huh?!" she yelled out loud to the empty room around her.

She leaned back against the door and sighed heavily, again. How long do they keep these doors locked until they let you out, she wondered. How do they know when you are done experiencing your particular fear? Is there a set time limit or does it depend on how long the fear experience lasts?

Oh God! she thought, what if the door opens by something having to do with the glasses and it automatically opens when that particular experience for the room is over with and not till then. Then the door may never open because the whole fear trip will never start at this rate. What if they never come to let her out? No - they must check all the rooms before they close. On the off chance something like this would happen. But how often would this happen? Did this have anything to do with the missing persons reports that she'd been hearing about? No wait - surely they would notice. Surely someone would come and check all the rooms if there were an actual missing person report filed with this being the last place the person was seen. People can't be that stupid.

Or could they? Look at some of the stupid things that people had done.

tated at the door.

"Yea, I just may do that," Jonah sighed and searched around his jacket pocket for his pack of cigarettes, "You want one last smoke before you go?"

Carolyn started to say yes, then decided against it. "No, I've got five more rooms to go. Although, I'm not sure I want to go through all five. I may collapse after the next one."

Jonah lit a cigarette and the side of his mouth drew up in a crooked smile as he exhaled the smoke in her direction, "Nah, you'll be fine. Look at it all as a challenge.

"Ok," Carolyn took a deep breath and turned to go, "I'll see you outside in a bit, I guess."

She closed the door behind her and looked down the long black hallway. Suddenly she felt very small and alone and unprepared for any more rooms, any more physically manifested fears.

"Well, maybe just one more cigarette," Carolyn turned back to the door as though it were the only thing left to comfort her in the building. The door swung open revealing sheetrock walls and a concrete floor. The room was lit by a bare lightbulb hanging from the ceiling on a long steel chain.

"Jonah?" she asked the empty air.

With her hand still on the door, Carolyn cautiously walked into the room and looked around. It seemed to be completely bare. There was no sign of Jonah or the doorway leading into the big ballroom. There was no couch, no people hanging around, not even a sign on the barren concrete floor of ashes from Jonah's cigarette.

As Carolyn leaned forward into the room, the door slipped from her hand. She spun around to grab it but it slammed shut before she could. She let out a scream which blended with the echo of the slamming door in the empty room.

Carolyn held her breath as she reached out and grabbed the doorknob, turning it and pulling on it as hard as she could. Confirming her fear, the door did not budge.

"Fuck!" she screamed, kicking the door.

She paused a moment and stared at the door in disgust, then kicked it again, screaming again, "Fucking goddamnit!"

She stomped out into the middle of the room and looked around. The walls, ceiling and floor were all empty and blank. It was just an empty warehouse room. There were no windows or doors, besides the door that she had come in through.

"All right!" she whirled around in the middle of the floor, yelling to the air, her arms outstretched, "Bring it on! Come on! Bring on the monsters and the demons! Bring on the serial killers and the rapists! Hell! Bring on the fucking Christian Coalition and Ralph Reed himself! I can take it! Give it to me, baby!"

She stopped suddenly and looked around. Nothing had changed. She was still alone in an empty room. She sighed and walked back over to the door, try-

"Why?" Fred felt flustered and as though Jane was purposely not answering him directly, "Why would you even create a place like this? What's the point? Isn't there enough shit in the world as it is, without making entertainment just as terrifying and just as violent?"

"Is this off the record?" Jane leaned forward so her face was directly in front of Fred's.

"Yes, it's fucking off the record!" Fred snapped, sitting back in his chair, but still returning Jane's gaze unflinchingly.

"Fred, come on," David looked up from where he was sprawled on the couch, "We're still on duty. We don't have time for this. Let's go!"

"Not till she tells me why she has to go and create a place like this!" Fred did not take his gaze off of Jane's staring eyes.

"I didn't create what you saw," Jane said calmly, putting her hand on Fred's head, "I told you how it works. It came right out of your own head. I can't be held responsible for what you imagine."

Fred shook his head and Jane let her hand drop back onto the desk.

She sat back in her chair and smirked at Fred, taking another long, deliberate drag off of her cigarette.

"You can't hold me responsible for what you see in there. You're the one that made it all up. You do - as they say - create your own Hell."

"That's bullshit!" Fred shook his head, "I wouldn't dream up something like that. I especially wouldn't make myself see something like that!"

"You obviously did though," Jane appeared to be slowly starting to lose her patience, "How many times do I have to explain to you how this place works? I explained the process to you. Donny took you on a tour -even gave you a demonstration. Why do you think you'd be any different from anyone else? Why do you think that you'd be the exception to the rule. Everybody has their own Hell. That's what they come here to see."

"Why?" Fred insisted, "Why did you even create a program like this? Why would you even want to give shape and form to that side of man's thoughts?"

"People want it," Jane said, innocently, "Look at the line outside. It's been like that since the first week we opened. We aren't fooling anyone into thinking they're going into something they're not. We tell them at the door - it's Hell and they want to go in. Just go look outside. This is what people want."

"God!" Fred shook his head in disbelief, "Who are you?"

Jane took a long drag of her cigarette and said matter-of-factly through her exhaled smoke, "I'm the devil."

Carolyn looked back at Jonah. He was sitting on the couch looking back at the curtains. His expression, even underneath the glasses was obviously very sad. The way the light hit his face, a dark shadow covered most of it, giving it even more of a melancholy appearance.

"I wish I didn't have to go," he said quietly, without looking up.

"I don't see why you can't stay a little longer," Carolyn said, as she hesi-

Hell, Chapter 5

by Juia Eaton

David and Fred both shook Jane's hand as they were leaving and politely thanked her for her time. Fred's head still hung down low and his shoulders were slumped from the emotional exhaustion. David, looking impatient to leave, was walking a few steps ahead.

It wasn't that he consciously didn't have sympathy for Fred's discomfort, it was more that he was disappointed not to find some sort of scandal. To David, this was just another one of San Francisco's trendy clubs where shock value and an inane sense of individuality was it's main attraction.

Fred stopped just outside of Jane's office door and looked up at David, ten feet ahead of him. Something was just not resolved for him. Fred turned around and put his hand on the door, stopping Jane just as she was about to close it.

"You know," Fred said, his voice strained from exhaustion, "i think I have some more questions."

Jane stood calmly at the door, apparently unphased by the abrupt change in plans. "OK, come back in then," she said, backing up and opening the door wide for Fred to enter.

"David!" Fred strained his voice to shout,"David! Hold up! I have some more questions to ask her!"

David stopped walking and sighed deeply. He turned and slowly walked back to Jane's office. He wished for a moment he could just leave Fred behind. These places did nothing but irritate him. He didn't want to waste anymore of his time when there was obviously no crime being committed or safety code being broken. Jane's were framed and hung behind her desk along with her certificates of degree from MIT. There was no mystery, no scandal, just another club for kids to pay too much money to get into.

Fred immediately walked over to the chair in front of Jane's desk and sat down. Jane took her time walking over to her chair behind her desk. She sat down slowly and pushed the chair up to the desk, squirming a bit to make herself comfortable. She took another cigarette from the drawer and lit it, casually taking a long drag.

"What is this place about?" Fred leaned forward and demanded of Jane. She looked at him, calmly, watching the shakiness of his hands, which were pressed firmly and tensely against the top of the desk, "What do you mean, Mr. Costello? Didn't Donny give you a tour?"

"Yes, he gave us a tour," Fred snapped, "And he gave us a demonstration. and I'll be totally honest with you. I don't know what the fuck that was all about. It was terrifying! It was absolutely repulsive!"

"It's Hell," Jane said nonchalantly, "It's supposed to be terrifying and repulsive. What else did you expect?"

Tragic Romance

DeAnna Janecek

The cold gray water rushed underneath the stone bridge. Not that she knew it was cold; not yet, at least. 'Stop thinking like that,' she told herself. 'You are not going to jump off of this bridge. There really is no reason to be so upset; it's just another tragic romance. Yep, everything was fine, and then, bam. It happened. Everything fell apart and my life went back to the way it was before. Not mundane, of course, but just, well, sort of lonely.'

The girl moved as a horse drawn carriage went by, a happy couple in the back. 'Look at them,' she thought cynically. 'Just look, they think they're happy now. Let's see what they think about each other in another month or two, or even in the morning. They all end the same: tragic, over, fini.' She sighed, and watched her breath float off in the cold evening air. The river was strange at this time of day. The clouds were partly covering the sky, letting some dusky gray light through and causing the river to be a gray smoky colour in turn. The lights that lined the river bank had turned on just a few minutes earlier, and now cast their hazy yellow reflections onto the water. The buildings, the trees, and everything else that stood up from the ground were black, resembling large shadow monsters that scare children at night.

She stopped admiring the beauty of the moment and turned her mind back to serious matters. Could there be anyone else for her? Well, certainly there could be. Was there anyone else? That was a question worth the asking. She thought about all of the people she knew. Yes, maybe there were a couple of chances left for her, but why bother? The girl frowned at the murky water, which was beginning to glisten from the stars that were slowly appearing in the sky. They were twinkling, much like how the lights of the city were beginning to turn off and on as people left work and went home. Home to families and the such. 'Something I will probably never have,' she thought. 'Quit this! You're going to depress yourself.' She sighed again and watched a second time as her breath floated away on a chilly breeze. She looked back at the water. It looked so inviting. 'It would be like swimming in the stars,' she thought. Swimming in space, swimming without any cares. The girl looked around; the carriages would be done with their rides for the night, and the park was probably empty.

Carefully stepping up, she stood on the bridge railing and looked down, then back up. No one was around. She looked back down, and caught her breath as she thought about how cold the water might be. But, if one wanted to swim with the stars they had to take chances. Silence had settled over the park, the kind of sharp silence only noticeable on crisp, cold winter nights. She sighed once more, this time out of anxiety more than anything else. She smiled as she thought about swimming with stars.....

Sonic Outlaws Review

Since I was not able to stick around for the end of "Social Outlaws," and therefore missed the after-show interviews that you guys were doing, I figured I'd email in my comments. If this is the wrong place to send this stuff, please forward it or let me know where I should send it.

I saw the first hour of the movie, and thought it was pretty bad overall. I liked the idea of the movie very much, but it had poor quality production and way too little information. There was a short piece of the movie that talked about how the current copyright laws were adapted from ideas from the 19th century, and I thought that was interesting... that's the kind of stuff I would have liked to see/hear more of. Also, anything related to more current technologies, like internet distribution of copyrighted works, and digital sampling... the examples in the movie dealt with photo-copiers and tape splicers instead of anything digital.

Favorite parts: the guys who change the messages on billboards, and the guys who said they have a trademark on the word plagiarism (wasn't that the Tape Beatles?)

Least favorite part: the guy who sampled all the Reagan speeches, then got mad that Fine Young Cannibals stole his stolen work without asking his permission. He didn't ask Reagan for permission! It seemed kinda stupid that someone would talk about how he should have the right to sample from speeches and songs, and then attack someone else who samples from him.

Overall, it seemed more like a biography of Negativland and their legal problems than anything else. I guess the whole movie was supposed to be assembled in the format of a "video collage," and that's a neat idea, but they could have made it LOOK and SOUND a hell of a lot better. My rating: D

-brandon bentley reptile@cc.gatech.edu

Cold Prison

by James McDuffie

It has been serveral days now that I have been held up here. I can not risk to go out, the Ice Crystals are watching me. If I should let on that I know the way out, I will surely die. This is torture, all they do all day is show me photos of frozen people. They keep the temperate around freezing which causes me endless hours of shivering. I am just glad that I wore a heavy coat that day I went out....

I can not feel my toes any more. All I have is a numb feeling towards the end of my feet. Oh well, who needs toes anyways? All they do is serve you pain when ever you stub them or drop a large object on them. At least now if I were to drop a rock on my right pinky toe I would not feel it and probably not even notice the blood much. I would probably miss the gangrene as it set in and took over my body...

But they are beautiful, so symmetric in every way. I could stare for hours at there crystaline bodies. Actually I have stared for hours at them. There is not much else to do here, besides watching the photos of frozen humans. I have counted the hairs on my arms at least 20 times, I was at first amazed at the number I came to but I have since taken it for granted...

A Ice Crystal child fell in the pit today, right beside me. In an effort to show my captors that I was to be trusted I picked up the child so I could hand it to the approaching guards. I was horrified when the child melted in my hands into water. The guards stopped and just stared as the water dripped through my hands and fell to the ground. I remember hearing a sharp piercing sound from above me as if something was in pain. But all this was before I went suspiciously unconcious...

They have stopped feeding me. I think it is time to leave, so I lean against the walls of my prison and it melts away. It opens upon a winter swept landscape where white is the only recognizable color. The wind is blowing furiously and makes even the sky look white. I have to tread through this to escape.. I make my escape, in fact I get several hundred yards from where I was imprisoned before I fall over from exhaustion...

All of a sudden I am once again awake. I notice that now everything is black, where once everything had been white. The wind no longer houls,there is a never ending silence. This is even more boring than my previous imprisonment. I wonder where I am...

us through our good friends at PBS has been criticized for too closely emulating the speech and actions of it's one-to-four year old target demographic. Now, is the cause for the outcry really concern that our children are going to grow up more addle-minded than they already do, or is everyone upset because we don't like to be reminded that we live in a society that as a matter of course allows one-to-four year olds to watch television?...To the reader who told me to read The Baffler as a source for intelligent opinions: Thank you, I now am...The Finals Week Midnight Scream Tradition: Effective tension release, quality campus tradition, or just a poor excuse for obnoxious revelers to whoop and holler and annoy everyone else? (In case you care, I personally thinks it's the second of the three - Kiefer)...For those of you who might have forgotten, Georgia Tech is a urban campus. This means that there's a city (Atlanta) right out there. Don't forget that! There's a whole city out there! There's no excuse to just be sitting in your room doing nothing! Get the hell out there!!!!! (And stop looking at your shoes while you're walking!)

(The opinions expressed above are not those of the North Avenue Review, which has no opinion, nor even necessarily those of the author, who has all too many opinions. They are merely a collection of various thoughts, beliefs, and ideas collected over the previous three months. However, feel free to write to the paper at the addresses in the front on any or all of the above.)

Information Overload With a Vengeance:

(I don't care if nobody's reading this. You're stuck with it until you get rid of me.)

Seems that everyone needs a refresher course on what censorship is. The First Amendment protects us from censorship imposed by the state, and only the state. Private organizations have the legal right to keep you from using their resources to say anything they don't want you to say...And just because a medium is "uncensored" does not mean that it is without bias or skew. Every datum has a source, and that source will influence that datum, and must therefore always be taken into account when digesting the information. Whatever you see, hear, experience is "censored" through the filter of the director/producer/creator, even if that person is you...Yes, I KNOW pro-wrestling is fake; that's not the point...For all those who feel the need to fill every moment of airtime and inch of newsprint with sexual allegations, I remind you: There is nothing more interesting to me than MY orgasm, and nothing less interesting to me than SOMEONE ELSE'S orgasm...When is the Georgia Motor Vehicle Department going to realize that a system that causes half of the cars on the road go with a "Tag Applied For" sign defeats the entire purpose of license plates?...In an interesting reversal of the usual emphatic focus news stories put on the children involved in any story (see "A Nation of Pediophiles" in an earlier issue of this paper), most coverage of the Jonesboro school ambush practically ignored the four children killed in favor of spotlighting the one teacher who died taking a bullet for her students. Whether this is a one-in-a-million aberration, a correction for previous excesses in the focus on kids, or a swing to the other extreme, is yet to be seen...Call in sick to your boss with the "Year 2000" bug...A thought as we become more comfortable in our Information Age: It seems that as the rate of data transmission increases, the value of and thought put into this data is reduced. I just noticed this firsthand while about to send my thirtieth e-mail of the day, realizing that there was nothing even remotely resembling content in it. Yes, it's been said before, and it will be said again, but the immediacy of the medium seems to cause a perceived need for immediacy in the mind of the responder, resulting in a downward spiral of content and coherent thought. Very little is so important that it needs to be done "Right Now", remember that...Teletubbies: The latest kiddie-TV show foisted upon

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EVIL

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SOUTH AVENUE REVIEW

"...To provide an closed forum for the embitterment of the population as a whole"

STRUCTURE

The South Avenue Review is produced from a collection of ideas, stories, essays, and art by University of Georgia students, faculty, staff, and friends who have given, at the expense of their freedom, livelihoods, and honor, everything.

The views expressed herein are solely those of UGA. Any anger should be directed solely at those resposible, certainly not us. Leave us alone.

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All letters are unwelcome. Your letter will be edited to express the ideas wanted by the Foundation, so submit as you wish it to be printed. You may request that your name be withheld, but the SAR must know who you are, for you WILL be found.

CONTRIBUTIONS

We welcome all contributions, provided they are in accordance to the ideas, opinions, expressions and illusions of The Foundation. Please withhold any origional conceptions you may have; as you know, the individual will soon be extinct. Any "self" as you know it will no longer exist, and your mind and soul will be wiped clean for the Great Conquest. Submit; it is the only way.

PROCEDURE

At SAR meetings throughout the quarter, all works are presented to the group for peer review. The editors read all submissions, and offer constructive criticism and advice. If an editor feels a piece to be unnecessarily inflammatory, he or she or it may bring this to the attention of the group for discussion. No vote is needed to exclude a piece from publication. This means that you will never win. Any origional ideas will be stopped by management. Attendance and participation by contributors is extremely important to allow feedback and comments -but will not be included, under any cercumstances.

Please submit texts in ASCII format either by email or on 3.5" disk. We will not type your piece for you. Quote sources accurately. The spell checker is your friend. We will not accept responsibility for any gramatical or spelling errors; instead, we will hunt you Don't attempt to hid; you will be found. Don't attempt to survive.

GETTING INVOLVED

The SAR rejects your help! Noone is welcome, regardless of literary or ideological persuasion. Meetings are Thursdays at 7:00 PM in the Student Services building.

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James McDuffie
John Tesh
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Jimmy the Whore
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Black Knight
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Dark Harbinger
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